

FIGHTING FRANCE (Illustrated).
PLANTING ON THE SOUTH DOWNS (Illustrated).

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ELLIOTT & FRY

LADY BUCKMASTER AND THE HON. MARGARET BUCKMASTER.

55, Baker Street, W.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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INTENSIVE . . . CULTIVATION

A VERY great number of people when they hear the phrase at the head of this article will turn automatically to French gardening or some kindred form of horticulture, such as that carried on in Kent or Worcester. But it means much more than that, and probably in the near future a great deal will be heard of the application of intensive methods to agriculture in the broad sense. The fault found with it to-day is that it is too extensive. The bad returns of food which formed the subject of Mr. Middleton's little pamphlet are not due, as he is careful to point out, to any falling off in the ability of the British farmer to produce at least as fine

crops as are to be found in the world, but to the habit that has grown during the long years of depression of hiring or owning a large number of acres on the principle that a very small return from each will provide a living if not a fortune.

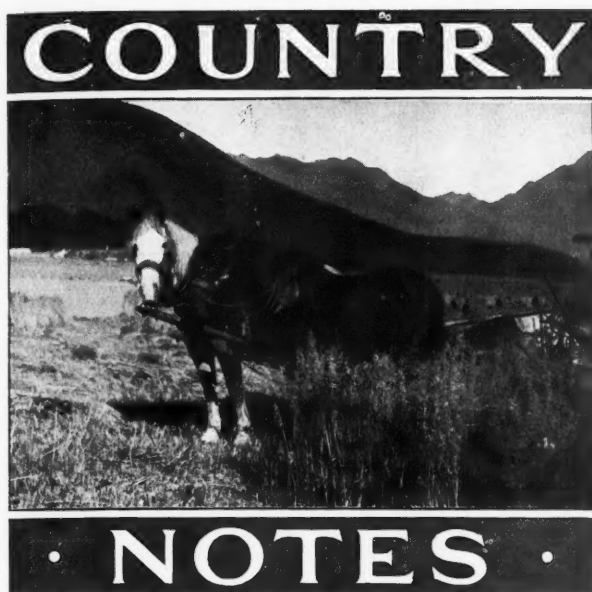
The argument very frequently advanced is that a man who occupies a thousand acres of grass, even of very poor grass, may nevertheless by keeping cows and selling the milk make enough per acre to live on. If on a thousand acres he makes five shillings an acre, then, by a very simple process of arithmetic, his balance sheet will show at the end of a year five thousand shillings, or £250, which many dairy farmers would consider a fairly good income. He can do this without incurring any large labour bill or the disappointments to which dependence on labour makes him liable in these times. He needs no very expensive machinery and, as a rule, he spends very little on manures. The one principle he goes upon consistently is to reduce to its lowest limits the risk of loss—a policy which is very safe for the individual but very bad for the country! It is responsible for the fact, which wants to be deeply bitten into the English mind, that an average hundred acres of German soil maintains seventy-five persons in food, while a similar area in England maintains only forty-five. This is going to be a matter of vital importance in the future. Prince Frederick Duleep Singh, in a communication which we printed in our last issue, ridicules the idea that we may be pinched for food during the present war. Whether he is right or wrong is not the question. It is what position will we occupy when another war comes. Of course, Mr. Lloyd George and other statesmen tell us that the British victory will be so complete as to render an outbreak of hostilities impossible, not only during the life of this generation, but in that of their sons or their son's sons. We fervently hope the prophecy will come true, but the future is ill to read, and the safer plan would be to organise our industries so that the country might be ready for any eventuality. And the greatest of all industries must continue to be husbandry, because from that come our food supplies. Every authority with any title to be heard agrees that the potential difficulties of transport by sea will be vastly increased within the next few years. We may hope as we like that nothing will occur to make them more than potential, but it would be like shutting the stable door after the horse was stolen to derend upon that.

Now, a very great deal can be done towards making this nation self-supporting in the way of food by increasing production. In other words, by intensifying the methods of husbandry. Broadly speaking, there are two methods of doing this. One is by adding increased manures to the soil; the other is by devoting more labour to the art of cultivation. Labour and manure, then, are the factors to be dealt with. In the case of the man who is farming poor grass fields there is a choice of two alternative ways of achieving this end. One is by following the example set by Professor Somerville and improving his grass; the other is by ploughing it up. It would be foolish and dogmatic to set down a general rule as to which course should be followed. Circumstances should decide that. It will probably remain for a long time the more profitable plan to let the high downland remain in pasture, while the richer bottoms and valleys are ploughed. It cannot be forgotten that a well manured pasture reacts upon the tillage, because the animals fed upon it naturally give a richer manure. Therefore intensification may proceed along this line as well as by the breaking up of the soil into arable. We are very glad to know that the whole subject has been chosen by Dr. Russell of Rothamsted Experimental Station for his inaugural address at the autumn meeting of the British Association. He is President of the Agricultural Section, and may be depended upon to say something that will be of real value and instruction to those who are engaged in the promotion of our greatest industry.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece is a portrait of Lady Buckmaster, wife of the Lord Chancellor, and her elder daughter, the Hon. Margaret Buckmaster.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



MR. LLOYD GEORGE coined an excellent phrase when he told his neighbours last Saturday that "the nippers are beginning to grip." It is telling, and yet modest. On the very day on which this address was delivered Sir Douglas Haig, who is most niggardly of adjectives, described the latest push on the part of the Army as "most successful." Saturday's despatch, indeed, described the most important advance that has been made since the Allied offensive began in earnest. If Sir Douglas Haig keeps on hammering, as he evidently intends to, the time is not far distant when it will be impossible for the German Emperor and his professors to hoodwink the German people any longer. The resounding blows which Russia is delivering against Austria and the no less determined assault of General Cadorna, united with the steady, irresistible pressure of the British and French cannot go on much longer without something cracking, in the phrase of Mr. Lloyd George, although it is quite true, as he says, that it may take some time after the shell is broken to extract the kernel. Therefore we shall not do well to talk much about the character of the final victory until it is actually won.

VISCOUNT GREY'S latest message about the treatment of prisoners in Germany contains a threat which his countrymen will very readily endorse, although it is a threat of reprisals. So far, no German non-commissioned officer in the hands of the British Government has been compelled to work; nor, says Lord Grey, is any pressure, direct or indirect, brought to bear to induce him to volunteer to work. The Germans have not observed this arrangement, and the Foreign Secretary says in the plainest language that if they do not accept this view and act in accordance with it, the British Government will "be compelled to adapt their treatment of German non-commissioned officers to that accorded to British non-commissioned officers by the German Government." The only damaging criticism that can be passed upon this policy is that it does not go far enough. We have the French example to show how far a little wholesome severity goes with the Germans.

AN important change has been effected in the Ministry of Education, but we doubt if it signifies much. Mr. Arthur Henderson has resigned and the vacancy is filled by Lord Crewe. Now, Lord Crewe is a very able Minister who between 1905 and 1908 was Lord President of the Council, but he is not a statesman from whom to expect very important changes. We may take it as certain that he will initiate no reform, and, indeed, his excuse for not doing so is valid. For the time being we want to concentrate on the one object of winning this war. When the Kaiser has been driven out of Belgium and France, it will be time enough to take up urgent questions of home politics. But in the meantime educational reformers need not be idle. What they should do is to analyse and study the disclosures which the war has made of educational weaknesses. They must not look for these in academies and colleges. A thing is judged by its fruits, and the fruits of education are found in the behaviour of men and women. It ought not to be difficult to find out what weaknesses in

the various classes which compose a population have been laid bare by the earthquake of war.

PROBABLY the facile answer that most people will give is that we have learned by this war to make education more scientific than it was. But is this so? The Germans are reputedly the most scientific in the world, and yet the achievement of the British is greater than theirs. It took them the best part of forty years to prepare an army for the purpose of overrunning Europe and making themselves masters of it. But in two years this country has turned out an army which can hold its own on every point with theirs. It has recovered the stolen march in gunnery; it has established, to say the least, an equality in the air; its surgery and physics are superior to those of Germany; and probably it will be found when full details are obtainable that the organisation, feeding and transportation of the British Army were at least as good as those of their enemies. In the arts of peace perhaps we have been a little behind. The manufacture of dyes is not as well understood here as in Germany, and, curious to say, the Hun has got in front of us in agriculture; but in other respects there is really more to praise than to bemoan in a system which has enabled Great Britain to assert with greater emphasis than ever a vigour that is not only unimpaired, but vastly increased by the passage of ages.

YESTERDAY.

By little rivers of yesterday
At the turn of the year
The sunset marked out a golden way
To a star's flaming sphere;
Under the sheen of the rowan tree
Fitfully
The shadows wavered, and Love drew near.

Deep in the valleys of long ago
At the end of the dream,
The song of a bird, in ebb and flow
Like the tide's rushing stream,
Spoke to all mortal things that be
Wistfully
"Joy passes out as the frail moonbeam."

If from the land of tales twice told
I could come back again,
Would I meet the girl that I was of old
When youth flowered in vain?
Would she turn with a smile and say to me
Tenderly
"Love will remember at end of pain"?

MABEL LEIGH.

PRESENT omens appear to point very directly to the coming of a great land boom. At present it is not detected so much in the auction room as in subsequent proceedings. A case in point will illustrate what we say. A well known farm in Kent was sold the other day at the price of £21 an acre, which the purchaser on reflection considered was rather more than it was worth. But he had occasion to change his mind, for in the course of the week he was offered £40 15s. an acre for it and, as may be supposed, accepted the offer without haggling. Agricultural land near London—about twenty miles out, to be accurate—which would ordinarily have brought £25 as a top price, has changed hands at £35 within the last few days, and £40 has come to be accepted as a fair price for land that certainly would not have brought £30 three years ago. Of course, all this is strictly in keeping with the history of land, which has invariably increased in price in the course of a great war and for some years after its cessation. The boom in land will probably be far from vanishing when peace terms are signed. In fact, it will probably be then attaining to youthful activity. Mr. Greenfields stands in the way to be installed in the position he held so long—that of being the best security in Great Britain.

THE boom in land is as a matter of course due to the extraordinary rise in the price of food, which bears no relation whatever to the cost of production. Farmers naturally make the most of the extra charges they are put to in regard to the purchase of fertilisers and feeding stuffs, and in regard to wages. It would be interesting to see the balance sheets of a few of them. Take the present hay crop. It is one of the best got in for many years. It is abundant in quantity

and, though the weather continued very threatening, it was possible in most cases to save the hay in very good condition. Those who cut early had sunshine all the time, and so had those who cut late. But, after all, the condition of the hay is not of as much practical import as usual, because the Government have bought it wholesale without too strict an enquiry into its quality. Potatoes, again, are turning out a tremendous crop, and must be extremely profitable. Wheat has been selling as high as 70s. a quarter, and will be the best of the cereals this year. Milk is very dear, and the cost of feeding has been extremely low owing to the abundance and long continuation of grass. The best proof that farmers are doing well is to be found in the alacrity with which they are attacking their stubbles. Very, very seldom, if ever, before has the sight been common of the ploughshare being at work in fields where the sheaved corn is still standing. Yet this is a common sight within half an hour's rail of the London termini stations.

IT is safe to assume that this activity would not be manifested if the farmer were not eager to share in the immense profits that are going. So far, the landowner has not come in for any perceptible share of the plunder. In very exceptional cases, where a farm, owing to death or other natural causes, has been vacated, the rent has gone up automatically. We know of land in one of the Home Counties where the rent was 15s. an acre before the outbreak of war, whereas it was advertised to let at exactly double that amount. But this farm did not belong to any of the great landowners; and the cases must be few and far between in which they have gained anything from war prices. Yet they have been very heavily hit. In some cases, owing to fatalities at the front, the estate has been put to the enormous expense of two or even three death duties. Depreciation of the value of securities has been another cause of impoverishment, and the landowning class as a whole has had to bear much more than its fair share of the burden of expense. In some cases, where land is put up to auction, increased prices may be the result, but so far the enhanced value of land is more visible in private bargains than in public auctions and until the boom is increased in volume this will probably continue to be so.

NOT very long ago there was reviewed in these columns the reminiscences of Lord Redesdale. It was pointed out then how calmly the old man looked forward to an end that he knew not to be far distant: and now he is dead. With him a part of Victorian England seems to have passed away. Change proceeds slowly for a great number of years, so slowly that it is almost imperceptible, and then comes a sudden revolution of the wheel and a new era is born. In a sense the Victorian Era continued up to the year 1914. The advent of the twentieth century discovered nothing new, although many people tried to think otherwise; but it is very evident that the war is the dividing line between that long shining peaceful past and a future which so far abides in impenetrable darkness. Lord Redesdale represented a fine type of his time. He was a great gentleman in every sense of the word: in politics, in diplomacy, in literature, and, not least, in his country house under the shade of the Cotswolds, and in the garden that he loved so well. He died full of years and full of honour, and but for the sadness which tinges every indication of life's evanescence there would be nothing to regret.

THE Government, which is forced to strain every ounce of energy it possesses for the purpose of providing the sinews of war, must be embarrassed by the demands made upon it. Take the case of the Women's Co-operative Guild, an excellent institution whose members we are sure are actuated by the most unselfish principles. The Guild is urging upon the Government that all taxes on food should be at once removed, "since they fall most heavily on large working-class families and have no relation to ability to pay." But is that so? It is generally believed that the people most hardly hit by the war are those of moderate means who have not been engaged in any munition or other Government work. Again, it is asked that health committees should be compelled to provide dinners and milk for expectant and nursing mothers, and children. We do not say the arrangement is undesirable; but the calm belief that public bodies, including the Imperial Government, have bottomless purses at disposal for all kinds of philanthropic schemes is a pathetic fallacy. Already the taxpayer is feeling the weight of the additional imposts, and these are bound to become greater as time goes on. People

will have to rely largely on themselves, for it is evident that even if peace were declared retrenchment would at once take that place in the political programme which it held for a very long time after the Napoleonic Wars.

NO fruit has become so common an article of diet as the banana, and in a time like this when produce is so valuable there is particular reason for regretting the effects of the hurricane in the West Indies. It has not only injured the bananas, but the cocoa trees, and now that Ceylon, owing to the heavy freights, has limited exports, Britain is dependent upon the West Indies for the raw nuts. The orange crop, too, seems to have been spoiled. All this is more of a misfortune to Great Britain than to the West Indies, because for some time past general trade has been increasing to an extent that will go far to counteract the effect of these misfortunes. The sugar industry in especial appears to be growing into a very considerable factor.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

The London road is the King's highway,
Traffic for ever, by night and day.
Up and down upon foot and horse
Soldier, and sailor, and men of the Force;
Carriage, and motor, and gipsy-van.
Light-hearted children and touring man.
Down from the ages through years to be,
Many the journeys from land to sea.

Homeless men on the King's highway,
Tired, and draggled, and hopeless they,
Wearily tramping to Portsmouth Town
Over the last long slopes of Down.
Traveller's-joy upon either hand
Mocks their plight in a pleasant land,
And the long hot road, first sand then chalk.
Echoes the steps of their dreary walk.

I fancy the blackbirds and thrushes sing
Of fallow, and farmstead, and sun-dried ling;
Of the stonechat's chink, and the plover's cry,
And the little clouds in a blue, blue sky;
Of commons, and hills, and the harbour boats—
And ever anon, to their cheerful notes,
The soldiers march, and the children play,
And the tramps drag over the King's highway.

W. M. E. F.

DUBLIN'S reconstruction of the destroyed area may seem to Mr. Duke merely a tiresome matter of compensation and finance, a difficulty of a sort that every Irish Secretary has to overcome. But we cannot believe that he thinks the "best course to prevent the building of mean streets would be (for the Member who questioned him in the House) to get into touch with the Building Committee of the Dublin Corporation." Dublin is the only city in Great Britain to which the war has brought a destruction of architectural treasure. In this respect it stands beside Ypres and Rheims, though happily its wounds are slight by comparison. Does Mr. Duke suppose that when Belgium and France approach the rebuilding of their gallant cities they will commit their artistic problems to committees of their town councils? Does he not know that the best artistic minds of Belgium and France are already at work, determined that what can be restored shall be handled reverently, and that what must be new shall be nobler than what has gone?

WE are fighting to preserve not only liberty but those beauties of national life, whether moral or æsthetic, which Great Britain has built up during laborious centuries. Of those beauties our finer buildings are the symbol most obvious to the common eye. When the struggle is over the national energies will be directed to re-establishing our normal life in a fuller and larger way. We shall have to make our country a better and a more beautiful place to live in, for those who staked everything on preserving its liberties. Will Mr. Duke be satisfied if the next generation can look at the centre of Dublin and say, "The war found this noble and left it squalid." A Ministry of Fine Arts, if we had one, would already have advised him on the artistic side of the Dublin reconstruction: seeing we have none we are persuaded Mr. Duke will set up a strong advisory committee *ad hoc*, so that the capital of Ireland may grow the more beautiful during his tenure of office.

A CURIOUS memorandum has been issued by the Board of Agriculture on the use of Glucose for jam and fruit preserving. After predicating that there is to be an extra good crop of plums this year and advising householders to make as much jam as possible, the writer goes on to say that commercial jam makers are to obtain their normal supplies of sugar on certain conditions, but private families will not get more than three-fourths of the amount they obtained last year for all purposes. It is not exactly apparent why manufacturers of jam should enjoy a privi-

lege denied to the poor cottager. In these days the children cannot possibly get much meat, and the next best thing for them is plenty of that old favourite among the young of all classes, roly-poly pudding. The labourer's wife who can put on the table a good long pudding of this description need not depend much on the butcher. But why she should be directed to mix her sugar with one-third part Glucose, while the jam maker uses pure sugar, only the Board of Agriculture can tell.

FIGHTING FRANCE

READERS of COUNTRY LIFE who remember the remarkable photographs of French munition work which appeared in our issue of June 3rd will, we are sure, be glad to avail themselves of the opportunity of following the fortunes of the vast stores of shot and shell there depicted as shown in the Exhibition of Official Records of the Photographic Section of the French Army (La Section Photographique de l'Armée Française) now on view in the Oxford Street Galleries of Messrs. Waring and Gillow.

It is probably the most remarkable photographic exhibition that has ever been held in this country. There is no question of a pictorial *salon*, no exploiting of technique. That the pictures are the work of photographers of high order is obvious to any tyro, but their effect is entirely due to subject. They constitute an irrefutable record of the work of the French army in the greatest war the world has ever known. The pictures are arranged in series according to their subjects, and the series reveal themselves as a tale that is told. One can only feel regretful that our own authorities have not devised some similar means of showing us the machinery of battle, and the methods whereby our own armies are adapting themselves to conditions as terrible as they are unique.

Take, for example, the story of munitions. We are shown the making of nitrate powders, melinite and all manner of explosives, shells and bombs where at women are working side by side with men. Then follows the work of the arsenals, from the foundries to the final transport of the great guns to the front. One sees the molten metal gradually taking shape,

the growth of its parts, their gathering together into a tremendous co-ordinate whole, their enrolling, their clever ambushing and their awful work, so that out of a welter of impressions they stand forth as almost sentient things. We understand the artilleryman's feeling for his guns. They do his bidding, yet though made by man, their work is far beyond the compass of their creators. The guns are his friends and comrades. And in connection with the guns comes to the mind's eye a grim picture of a trench full of Germans—how many one cannot tell. Only one face is visible, that of a mere boy, calm as though in sleep. But the last lullaby he and his comrades heard was the roar of a single shell from one of those same guns.

Opposite the guns are pictures of Belgium—pictures that could never have been taken had the enemy found us prepared as we are to-day. Here on the walls is the history of the annihilation of a country, wherein Rheims and Louvain stand out only to remind us of the hundred defenceless villages engulfed in the common ruin. One scene will speak for many. A deserted farm of low homestead and weather-

boarded barns, very much like any English farm but for the formal avenue of poplars leading up to it, and these poplars, the only living things, rise out of a vast lake. It is called "In Belgium: The Road from Poperinghe to—Flooded to Stop the German Advance." The whole of the Belgian series are an object lesson in defencelessness.

It is not until we come to the Somme, the Meuse, to Alsace and, above all, to Verdun, that we feel the battle is with us equally. Here war is no longer a matter of pure defence or of pell-mell fighting. The keynote now is organisation.



THE COLD STEEL THAT THE GERMANS DREAD.
French Infantry hunting out Huns from ruins on the Somme.

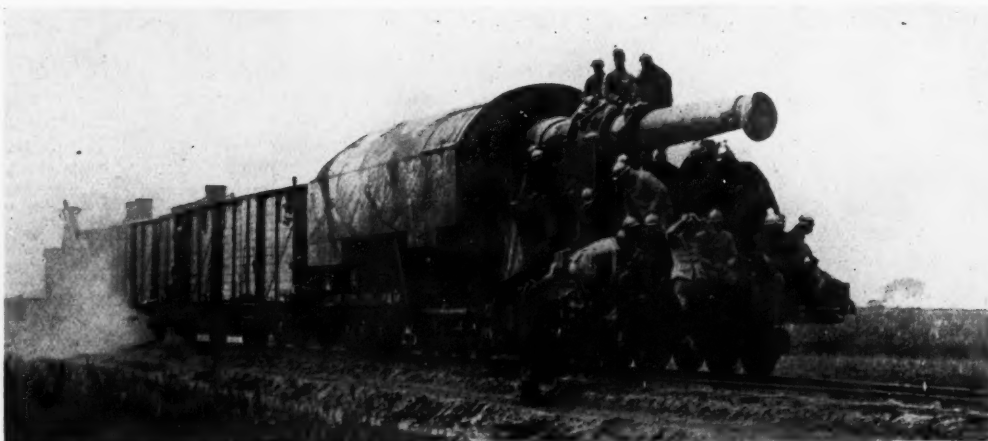
There is enough of everything, every man is being utilised at last to the best advantage. Vast stores of munitions, relays of guns, of horses, of men, of food, of telegraphic materials and, above all, of timber. Two years ago we were rather apt to overlook the importance of this last item, but one has only to examine these pictures to see what vast quantities of timber can be consumed by an army in action.

Wooden cases for small munitions, food and so on; heavy wood to line trenches and dug-outs (and the up-to-date French dug-out is a very finished example of the digger-out's

men resting and passing the time with a game of manille, maybe, cooking, bathing, rendering first aid to the wounded, watering their horses—for horses have their uses even

although there have been no spectacular cavalry actions yet; dogs with an air of *insouciance*, though they are doing splendid work. We in England keep our dogs for pets or sport or shepherd's work. The French dog, like the Belgian, is a labourer, and so it is only natural that we should find him in the army. He goes out with the Red Cross and finds a body with a heart-beat still in it; he pulls heavy loads over ground that no horse could travel; and, above all, he makes a most efficient sentry. His value is recognised to the full. He cannot claim a man's pay, but he draws his adequate ration, and his equipment has been thought out even to goggles to protect him against weeping gas.

We have left ourselves little space to treat of other phases of the exhibition, of the Spahis who figure in many pictures inseparable from their horses, their white burnouses incongruously surmounted by the protective steel helmet; of the Chasseurs Alpains; of the Serbian army reorganised and re-equipped awaiting the call to service again among dream-like



ON ITS WAY TO THE SOMME SECTOR.

Showing the improvised railway laid for big guns.



A HEAVY GUN IN POSITION.

work); wagons and implements of all sorts; stakes for wire entanglements; bridges over streams and otherwise impassable roads; and, above all, sleepers for the railways, without which operations would come to a standstill—all these consume vast quantities of timber.

Now, too, the troops take shape and begin to live. It is not all murder, this war. One sees the head installation of a field telephone. A match-boarded cabin with a huge switch-board and half a dozen men in khaki taking messages as imperturbably as clerks at a London exchange—messages that concern the life or death of whole companies;



SUNSET IN THE HILLS OF THE MEUSE.

surroundings in Corfu; of the great hospital that once was the Kaiser's favourite summer palace; or even of the many branches of Red Cross work which now boast an organisation equal to our own. But there are two or three pictures showing the end of



"DICK" WITH HIS MASK ON.



"THE NEW DOOR," VERDUN.

Note the exploding shell.

war as far as it concerns many a brave *poilu*. The first is of the School for the Disabled at Paris, where crippled men are being fitted with artificial limbs and taught how to use them, as we are doing ourselves at Roehampton.

The others are of men similarly handicapped being trained for peaceful employments, such as tailoring, carpentry and such like. And, finally, there is a print of a militarised schoolmaster giving a lesson in French to school children in a reconquered district of Alsace. It is not much of a picture as pictures go, but we can figure to ourselves how it will have been published and republished in well nigh every paper in France, not as a picture only, but as a symbol of long waiting and the beginning of fulfilment.

M.

RECLAIMING PIT HEAPS AND THE LIKE

THE unsightly heaps left by mining operations are of very varied character according to the nature of the mineral sought, those resulting from the quarrying of lead, iron, and so forth, being often composed largely of rock, frequently in masses of very considerable individual size. Mounds of this nature, or heaps of slag, are often more difficult to deal with than such as are raised by the refuse from a coal pit, which usually consists chiefly of shale and clay. But even stone and slag heaps may be covered with certain kinds of vegetation after they have lain for a few years. The rock has generally suffered considerable breakage by blasting operations, and much of it does not take long to crumble away and disintegrate on exposure to the weather. After that has taken place the resulting mixture of soil and stone is often almost ideal for the healthy growth of a considerable variety of trees. Rowans, Scotch (or witch) elms, birch, hazel, and ash, to mention only some of the commoner species, frequently find their own way to the heaps, no doubt by bird or wind borne seed, and demonstrate their capacity to live and flourish thereon; while, especially if the climate be fairly moist, larch and pines will often be found keeping them company, or will thrive as well as any of them if introduced. Growth may not be so rapid at first as upon a more generous soil, but it will be continuous and more uniform, and the quality of the resulting timber is almost certain to be superior. As the labour of planting such heaps, or preparing them for the reception of even small trees, would certainly be considerable, the most economical (and at the same time most efficient) way of raising a crop of timber in such circumstances is obviously to take a leaf out of Nature's book of instruction and sow the seed where the trees are required to grow. Such seed might, at very trifling cost, be scattered pretty liberally over the heaps in any desired mixture of species, and it would probably be advisable, in order to make more certain of a crop, to repeat the sowing over any very dry spots, if necessary more than once at intervals of a year or two. From observations made, I have no doubt that, so dealt with, almost any kind of refuse heap might be covered with trees in the course of a few years.

The shale and soil that usually predominate in the heaps of waste which accumulate round a coal mine are often amenable to different treatment. For even shale, as pure and unadulterated as it is ever likely to issue from the pit's mouth, is not altogether distasteful, or, at least, not inimical, to certain kinds

of vegetation. Equisetums, for example, may frequently be seen flourishing upon it, as may self-sown thistles and other weeds, and when this is the case it may safely be assumed that pines and some other trees will likewise grow upon it. Every year it lies exposed to the weather increases its suitability for the growth of timber, and when any considerable proportion of clay is mixed with the shale young trees may generally be planted upon it with reasonable hopes of success. But here, too, ultimate results will usually be best where only the youngest trees are planted, and in most cases success would be at least as well assured by the much more economical plan of sowing. Even where, with a view to the speedy covering of an eyesore, young trees are planted it would nearly always pay to scatter a little seed over bare spots as soon as planting has been accomplished.

In some agricultural districts land has always been too valuable to be allowed to be long in unprofitable waste, and many old mine heaps have been levelled down and ploughed over, their contents being spread over adjoining land, or made use of in filling up undesired depressions. But there are many coal pit heaps that are too large to be dealt with in such summary fashion. Wherever these are already in process of being covered by self-sown weeds no more would seem to be required to demonstrate that they could probably also be made to grow trees, but even yet the comments of the sceptic may be caustic enough to deter timid planters from putting their faith to the proof. The writer very well remembers the criticisms of this nature which were freely passed when, about five and thirty years ago, the late John Davidson (as agent for the Lords of the Admiralty, the owners of the estate in succession to the attainted Radcliffes, Earls of Derwentwater) began to plant some of the old heaps left by the Scremerston Coal Company's operations in North Northumberland. Total failure was unreservedly predicted, and those who had a good word to say for what was called "the experiment" might easily have been numbered on the fingers of one hand, but the wisdom of the undertaking has long since been justified by results. Ugly black mounds, old tramway lines and the like, have been hidden by flourishing plantations of pines, birches, and other trees, adding immeasurably to the amenities of the countryside, and the value of the estate has been correspondingly increased. One of the most notable changes in the landscape brought about by this planting is to be seen by the side of the Old North Road about three miles South of Berwick.

where a tree-clad hill, always pleasing to the eye, has now taken the place of a bare, unsightly heap which used to tower above the road in all its natural ugliness.

Here and there initial mistakes were made by putting in trees that were either too old to accommodate themselves to their altered circumstances, or, were otherwise unsuited to the soil in which they were asked to establish themselves, but the bare spots thus left have been filled up by seedlings, the natural produce of adjoining trees, if not actually of the prematurely dead themselves. Mistakes have also been made in places by excessive and unrequired thinning or branching, and wind-gaps so opened are only very gradually closed again.

It is also worth while noticing how well some of the cypresses, and other less commonly planted trees, are doing in these "thin" and shaly soils. Thirty years ago most of these were looked upon more in the light of "ornamental trees" than as having any "forest" value, but several of them are already here holding out promises of "timber," and *Cupressus Lawsoniana* may be seen stopping a gap in the humble but useful form of common railing. Mr. Davidson was rather fond of adding a thin sprinkling of such trees to his ordinary plantings,

and some of the advantages of his experiments are now being reaped, although it is not pretended that he was the pioneer in such matters even in so far as Northumberland only is concerned. Fifty years earlier P. I. Selby had already done important work in the same direction at Twizell House and elsewhere, and although the woodman's axe has in the interval swept away all traces of much that he accomplished (some of it on shale heaps very much like those under particular consideration), a few good trees still stand as witnesses to his zeal and foresight. At Middleton Hall, near Wooler, too, the judgment of Mr. G. P. Hughes as an experimental planter of some of the less well known trees has for long been prominent; while in later years, and closely adjoining Scremerston, Lady Francis Osborne has successfully clothed with young trees some bare pit heaps that had for more than a generation disfigured her property at Ord and Murton. A good deal of similar useful work has been done on other estates in Northumberland, but selection is invidious, and at the same time unnecessary. It goes almost without saying that there is still plenty of scope for a great deal more being done in the same direction.

GEORGE BOLAM.

PLANTING ON THE SOUTH DOWNS

IN the issue of COUNTRY LIFE for August 12th there appeared a description of the more salient features of the agricultural improvement of Poverty Bottom. While the increase of agricultural production is the main object of the experiment, a certain amount of tree planting has been done, and some information has been obtained that may be of use in the extension of forestry, which is long overdue.

On the South Downs the conditions for the growth of trees are rather special. The whole area is chalk, with in most cases a very thin covering of soil, so that it is only trees which can stand an excess of lime and hot, dry soil that have any chance to exist. Then, again, this range of hills over its greater extent lies fully exposed to the south and south-west gales, which reach our shores laden with sea salt, so that trees have not only to possess a good root-system, but their foliage and shoots must also prove

themselves resistant to sea spray, which is very hard on the leaves of many trees.

When Poverty Bottom was acquired in the spring of 1911 it possessed only one small plantation, consisting exclusively of black Austrian pines, probably planted about twenty-five years ago and now about 20ft. in height. Few trees grow in the neighbourhood, so that one had to take risks in making a selection of trees for some ten acres of plantation that were established in the springs of 1911 and 1912.

Among conifers the tree which has grown fastest and gives most promise of supplying shelter and acting as a wind break is *Cupressus macrocarpa*, which in five years has in many cases attained to a height of 8ft. to 10ft. The Italian cypress, *C. fastigiata*, has grown nearly as fast, and promises to be a useful species. While both of these species are expensive to purchase from commercial



A PLANTATION, CHIEFLY OF *CUPRESSUS MACROCARPA*, PLANTED IN SPRING, 1911, ON THE SOUTH DOWNS AT AN ALTITUDE OF SOME 400FT.

nurseries, they can be raised at a very small cost, a pound of seed furnishing some 5,000 plants at a cost of about 5s. in the case of *C. macrocarpa* and about 1s. in the case of *C. fastigiata*. Among pines, the Corsican is the most successful, but the Scots pine also does well, although its foliage will probably soon show the yellowing effects of excessive lime. The mountain pine grows well, but the Banksian pine becomes golden yellow directly it is planted, and dies off in a year or so. *Pinus insignis* is also showing the chlorotic effects associated with excess of lime, but is making fair growth and may possibly adapt itself to the conditions.

As regards spruces. *Picea alba* was planted fairly extensively, and although it was slow to move for the first two or three years, many of the plants are now shooting ahead and making good leaders. One of the surprises of these planting experiments has been the success of *P. sitchensis*, whose growth is much superior to that of any other spruce, although this species is generally credited with requiring cool, moist conditions. The Western larch, common larch and Japanese larch have all been tried, but the two former are rarely doing even moderately well, whereas the Japanese larch is usually very vigorous and much superior to the others. This is additional evidence of the extraordinary adaptability of this species, which, in its earlier years at least, under almost all conditions surpasses the common larch in growth and vigour.

Of other conifers the *Wellingtonia gigantea* is doing fairly well, and the same may be said of *Thuja gigantea* and Lawson's cypress.

As regards hardwoods, the variety that has made by far the best growth—in this respect surpassing every other tree—is a hybrid willow called *Salix pulchra*, which in five years has frequently reached a height of 15ft. It is not suggested that it will prove a forest tree, but it is proving useful for nursing purposes. The hoary alder, *Alnus incana*, is making as good growth as any hardwood, and the Lombardy and Italian poplars are also growing well. The common birch is also doing very fairly, and is distinctly useful as a nurse; but the sycamore, common ash, horse chestnut, beech and lime, and, in fact, most other hardwoods, are evidently finding the conditions trying. Their foliage becomes blotchy and falls prematurely, a result perhaps as much due to salt in the air as to poverty of soil.

The objects of the half-dozen small plantations that have been formed were shelter and ornament. While the growth of commercial timber on the South Downs is by no means a hopeless proposition, that is not the intention in the present case. As the soil is very shallow and the situation much exposed, the woods will be kept thin from the first, so that the trees may be induced to retain their lower branches and to form well developed roots. Where shelter and ornament are the objects of planting, there is nothing to be gained by putting in trees closer than 5ft. to 6ft. apart, or, say, about 1,500 plants per acre.

The establishment of woods on land such as we have been describing, which can be ploughed, is a very simple and cheap operation. After ploughing and harrowing, the condition of the surface of the ground is such as to make the use of small plants quite successful. Pines, larches and spruces are usually large enough when two years old, while *Cupressus macrocarpa* and *C. fastigiata* may be best employed as one year old seedlings, and this applies also to many hardwoods, such as birch, ash, sycamore, etc. Where poplars and willows are required, there is no need

to use rooted plants at all, cuttings establishing themselves quite satisfactorily. The holes for the reception of the trees or cuttings are made by means of an iron bar called a "pitcher," the same implement, in fact, as the South Country shepherd uses in pitching a fold. The rate at which the preparation of the holes proceeds is quite astonishing, a diligent man having no difficulty in making 5,000 or 6,000 in a day; that is to say, all that are required on about three acres or four acres of land. Two boys or women follow behind inserting the trees very much in the way that cabbages



WINDBREAK OR HEDGE OF SPANISH BROOM.

are planted, and an active boy will put in the most part of 3,000 plants in a day, though, needless to say, there are boys and boys, and someone must see that the work is properly done and that the soil is well pressed round the roots. As a boy is not heavy enough to tread the soil, it is worth while for a man to follow, giving his attention to this special job. It is a good plan to keep the plantations horse hoed for the first two years, and if in addition some hand hoeing is done, the plants rapidly establish themselves and soon make good growth. Between ploughing,



CUPRESSUS MACROCARPA AND SCOTS PINE.

Planted March, 1911; photographed August, 1916.

supplying the plants, planting and hoeing, the cost per acre by the end of the second year need not exceed £2, and the results are quite as satisfactory as they would be with the larger outlay that is usually associated with English planting.

It has been found a good plan to sow the seed of Spanish broom along the outsides of the plantations about a yard inside the boundary fence. This seed could, before the war, be bought at 1s. a pound, and in three years from the time of sowing the broom is 3ft. or 4ft. high. In five

years it attains a height of 5ft. or 6ft., and from the middle of July almost up to Christmas its flowers are an attractive feature. But the main purpose of these broom hedges is to give shelter to the trees, and in this respect they are most valuable. Incidentally they are also useful in attracting the hares from the trees, and although these animals are fairly plentiful on the South Downs, and get freely into the woods, it is very rarely that a tree is nibbled, although the side shoots of the broom are often bitten off. On bare, exposed, wind-swept ground the advantages of shelter to stock can hardly be overestimated, and a

certain amount of planting will prove profitable, even if the quantity and quality of the timber necessarily suffers through the woods being kept thin.

Fencing, of course, is an item that adds considerably to the cost of plantations, especially when these are only two acres or three acres in extent. But here, again, the cost may be kept within very moderate limits, and the details of efficient and cheap fencing as used at Poverty Bottom will be found in an article that appeared in the Journal of the Board of Agriculture for November, 1915.

RABBIT BREEDING: HOW TO MAKE IT PAY

THE mistake must not be made of providing hutches which are too small. Broadly speaking, the larger they are the better; but 4ft. long, 2ft. wide and 2ft. high should be regarded as a minimum in which to breed the medium-sized varieties. It is impossible to give even approximate prices at the present time, but two years ago a stack of four single hutches with two hinged divisions which could be hitched to the roof when it was desired to turn them into two breeding hutches was made locally to the writer's design for 46s. It may be possible now for breeders in some parts to get American bacon boxes.

Hutches which are to stand out of doors without shelter should be covered with felt on sides and back, and provided with well projecting zinc or iron roofs sloping backwards. All-wire fronts are best for indoor hutches, but outdoor hutches must have not less than half the front solid wood, and if standing in an exposed position must be provided with shutters for use in extremes of heat and cold.

The fortunate owner of a level-surfaced paddock or other suitable grass plot will presumably be tempted to use hutches on the Morant system in the summer, if not all the year round; as with due precautions in respect of judicious and light stocking the rabbits will thrive admirably in them and a great deal of labour and expense will be saved.

THE BREED.

It takes no more time, trouble or expense to attend to pure bred rabbits than to mongrels, and as the return from the former can be made far greater than that from the latter, it is highly important that all those persons with sufficient capital at command should concentrate on the production of pure breeds. There are many people of small means who are not in a position to sink much capital in the enterprise, and therefore cannot afford to buy pure bred stock. Leave the production of cross bred table rabbits to them just as the production of butchers' animals is left to the farmer. The capitalist must imitate the owners of pedigree herds, flocks and studs, and aim at producing breeding stock calculated to grade up and improve the commoner types.

As the successful breeder is he who produces what is wanted, the first thing to decide upon is which is the most likely breed to go in for. Exhibition stock is not in great demand at present. Shows are few, prices are moderate, and there is a decided slump in exhibition strains. What is in demand is the specimen of pure breed bred for utility points. Purity of breed is essential, for without it there can be no consistency in the results of either pure or cross breeding. Size is of some importance, because only by the use of large specimens can the size of the smaller breeds be graded up. A shape and type calculated to give the maximum of flesh and the minimum of offal is highly important. And if these characteristics can be combined with a good "natural" fur so much the better.

Most British rabbits of exhibition strains have been spoilt in one way or another for utility purposes. Maybe they have been bred for a "fine and elegant" form, and therefore carry no flesh; or they have become unprolific

and bad mothers; or they have "short flying coats" of no value for fur purposes, and so forth. Exhibition strains must be considered in the same light as exhibition strains of poultry in the class of undertaking which is being described. Of course, there are often very good prices and good profits to be secured by the successful breeder-exhibitor; but to gain success in this way requires either considerable scientific knowledge or years of patient endeavour; and even when



EXHIBITION STRAIN BELGIAN HARE DOE 4½ MONTHS OLD.

success is met with the prices are far from level—several pounds for a winner and the cooking pot for its litter brother! A greater profit is likely to accrue to the novice at the present time from the moderate but level prices secured for all the pure bred specimens of some well established utility breed, in which a buck with, say, a white toenail is of practically as great value as his brother with all his toenails of the correct



C. J. Davies.

HAVANA DOE OF SAME AGE.

Note the contrast in type.

Copyright.

shade! Flemish giants are a popular breed and are likely to remain so because of the influence they exert in grading up the size of smaller races. With them, too, there is the inestimable advantage of a ready market for every buck bred, the demand for bucks of the breed for crossing purposes being as great as, or even greater than, the demand for does. The animals require large hutches and appliances in proportion, hence considerable capital. Breeding stock used to be sold by weight, typical specimens not up to show form fetching about 1s. per lb. In selecting stock it should be chosen for size up to at least the standard minimum (13lb. for does and 11lb. for bucks), a length of not less than about 30in. from nose to root of tail, if possible, width of loin, and prolificacy. Steel grey is the only colour admissible in the show pen in this country, but in France and Belgium "hare colour" and "rabbit grey" are the most esteemed; while steel grey, self blue and self black are recognised as secondary colours.

Belgian hares of utility strains may be valuable rabbits, but animals of the modern show type—long and narrow in body, with enormously long legs (which are totally without economic value)—are not the sort for utility breeders, who want a rabbit with as little offal as possible. And here it may be remarked that as carcasses are usually sold by the pound, skinned and cleaned, it is highly important to keep down the proportion of offal to live weight. Big ears, heavy muzzles, long legs and voluminous "guts" are all characteristics which mean a loss to the producer of animals so endowed.

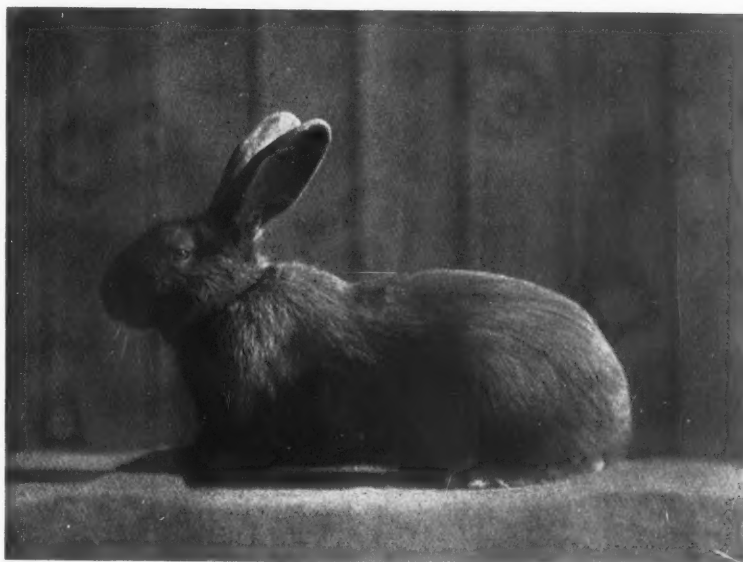
In spite of the fact that the fur of the foregoing breeds has no especial value, there is always a demand for the rabbits, hence they are worth breeding. If the production of fur is to be the chief consideration, one's mind at once turns to rabbits of the silver tribe. Here, again, however, the skins of the small English exhibition strains of silvers with "short, flying coats" are of poor utility value compared with the light coloured Champagne silvers specially bred for their fur in France, although our strains make nice little table rabbits of good quality. The Champagne silvers are large (up to 11lb., large pelts being more valuable than small ones), and what our fanciers term clumsy in build; their colour is to English eyes "mealy," and their coats exceedingly close and thick in winter. It is a little doubtful whether the breed would pay just now as we have no established market for the pelts, and flesh is in greater demand. It is a breed to bear in mind, however. The same remarks apply to the Angora, which is bred for its wool or "soie" in France.

Possibly the best dual purpose breeds which can be bred for both flesh and "natural" fur are Beverens, blue and white Viennas, and Havanas. There are a few specimens of these breeds in this country, but they are exceedingly scarce just now. The modern types of blue Beveren and Vienna rabbits are, for all practical purposes, the same, being large, self blue animals of the giant type, with coats which can be used in imitation of Arctic fox or Siberian squirrel. The white Vienna is a counterpart of the blue, but is white with blue eyes. These rabbits are quick growers but do not reach the ultimate size of Flemish giants, about 13lb. being a maximum, and most of them being considerably less. The chief faults of specimens of the Beveren breed owned by the writer were an excitable and rather pugnacious temperament, and probably a large proportion of offal owing to big heads and hind feet.

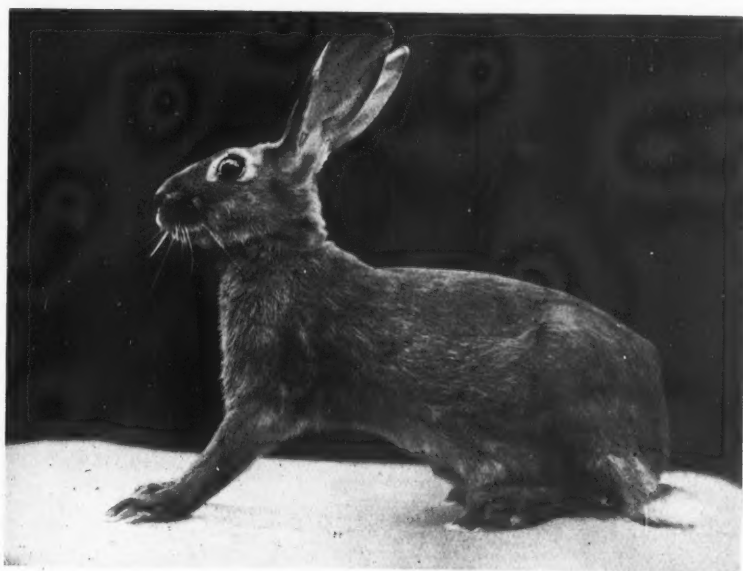
Havanas are so-called chocolate (bluey-brown) in colour, with eyes which glow redly in a dim light. They are, in their way, quite unique and furnish fur which, at its best, can be used as imitation marten. They are, however, small, but mature very early and fatten remarkably easily, and can be



FLEMISH GIANT DOE.
Prizewinner Tunbridge Wells.



A BLUE BEVEREN BUCK



C. J. Davies.

PEDIGREE BELGIAN HARE BUCK.
Fourteen weeks old.

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reared to give a 2½lb. to 3lb. carcass of the highest quality flesh at four and a half months old. The proportion of offal is low, as when correctly fed the rabbits carry a lot of flesh. The chief faults seem to be a tendency to small litters and the fugitive nature of their colour, which fades on exposure

to strong light and, in consequence, at times assumes a most unattractive drab shade until a change of coat is completed.

COMMENCING.

If the breeder has had no previous experience of rabbits, the purchase of newly weaned youngsters is advised, as some necessary knowledge of their requirements will be gained during their growth, which will help to fit their owner to grapple with the problems connected later on with their reproduction. This means a period of waiting, of course, but the capital risked is comparatively small and the interval will be well spent. If adult stock is purchased, care should be taken to secure animals under a year old (claws not beyond the fur). From almost every point of view, however, it is better for the novice to try to secure youngsters unless a really reliable seller of older stock is known.

FEEDING.

Many of the hoary methods advocated in books belonging to the Victorian Era will have to be abandoned by the utility breeder who desires to make his rabbits pay. We have advanced since those days, foods are now procurable which were then unheard of, and scientific methods have pointed out new and better ways to success. Abandon oats; they are expensive frauds as far as the rearing of young table rabbits is concerned. In place of oats give as concentrated food equal parts by weight of bran and some meal, cake, or food containing from 20 per cent. to 30 per cent. of albuminoids, such as is sold, on its analysis, for cattle feeding. Or use two parts bran, one part maize meal, one part fish meal (containing not more than 3 per cent. of oil). It does not so much matter *what* food is used as long as it is good of its kind and analyses approximately as suggested. The cost of the food will probably work out to between 3d. and 1½d. per lb. (fish meal, 2d., but less is used), and the rabbits will require so little of the mixture daily (1oz. to 2oz. dry) that the cost of this, the most expensive part of the ration, will work out to a fraction of the cost of an adequate supply of oats. The bran and meal mixture should be damped

partaken of in small quantities, as part of a mixed ration, they cause a form of mild poisoning when fed exclusively or in excess. Therefore, give a variety of plants at each meal, or a bundle of "grass," which will contain samples of many plants and grasses. Twice a day is sufficiently often to feed and the concentrated food, roots and hay should all be put in together. Apart from want of variety, greenstuff cut wet and left in a heap until it is heated will cause the rabbits to scour. It may be taken for granted that with normal animals digestive troubles will be non-existent if they are fed rationally on a well balanced, scientifically correct mixture of foods. Plots of chicory and cottager's kale are useful



MORANT HUTCHES IN USE IN A GARDEN.

green crops to plant annually for use in summer and winter respectively. Artichokes (Jerusalem) are also valuable in heavy soils, as both tops and tubers are eaten, and the crop is usually a heavy one. Potatoes and their peelings must never be given raw, as in this state they are poisonous; used tea leaves of good quality are useful to mix in the concentrated food to draw it together. Racks or bags, made of 1½in. mesh wire netting, and hung to the wire fronts of the hutches are the best receptacles for hay and greenstuff. Rabbits should receive water to drink.

BREEDING.

Rabbits of most breeds are fit to mate at six months old, and it is waste of money to keep them unproductive much longer than this. One buck to ten does is required, and it is uneconomical to keep different proportions of the sexes; it is often unavoidable, however. Rabbits breed freely from February onwards until August, but it is difficult to get autumn litters, and the best chance is with young born the previous spring. Breeding stock should be strictly rationed, as many failures occur from the bucks or does being too fat. The ideal condition is "lean but improving." The does will usually mate about every three weeks, if not oftener, and the correct time must be watched for. They must be mated at once under supervision, and at once returned to their own hutches. They often begin to make their nest a fortnight before the litter is due, and should be given a nest box (a roomy, lidded box, bought from the grocer, with a hole cut in the centre of one end will do) and be kept supplied with plenty of soft hay for the purpose. Beyond

giving water to drink, if it is not already provided, and adding to the concentrated food, no particular attention is needed. The eyes of the young will open on about the ninth or tenth day; but prior to this they are apt to wriggle about and make a noise if disturbed which upsets some does.

They should be weaned at six weeks old and, if the doe has been mated a fortnight earlier, not much time will be lost in securing another litter. Four litters in the year is the utmost that can be expected from a doe, and to get this will require exceptional management. Healthy rabbits of the giant type should increase in weight on an average 1oz. daily; medium-sized breeds, such as Silver Greys, Havanas, etc., ½oz. daily.

C. J. DAVIES.



C. J. Davies.

ADULT HAVANA BUCK.

Copyright.

and well mixed to draw it together before serving it to the animals. In winter medium-sized adult rabbits will require in addition daily about 8oz. of roots (swedes, mangels) and 3oz. of good hay.

In summer, except, perhaps, during May, June and July, when growing grass is available, the same amount of concentrated food may be required, but green food takes the place of hay and roots. Most people dread scour in rabbits, and think them much subject to this complaint. The present writer cannot recollect ever having a case of recent years, although greenstuff is fed almost exclusively in the summer, wet or dry. The usual cause of scouring is the giving of too great quantities of one sort of plant. Most plants have medicinal properties, and although they are excellent food when

IN THE GARDEN

THE CALIFORNIAN TREE POPPY (ROMNEYA COULTERI).

A CLOUDY summer followed by a spell of fine weather and refreshing rains has given exceptional vigour to the Californian Tree Poppy, for I have never before known it to grow and flower so freely as it is doing this year. It is one of the great treasures of the garden in August, and it may be expected to flower well on into September. It should be found in at least one corner in every garden, so beautiful and indispensable are its open, satin-like, white blossoms, each with a central boss of golden anthers. Moreover, this delightful flower possesses another precious gift which, alas, is so often overlooked because it is least expected in a Poppywort, and that is its delicious fragrance. If you will only take the trouble to smell the flowers on a sunny day you will henceforth remember this Tree Poppy for its delicate and refined fragrance, not unlike that of a Magnolia. No garden is complete without this shrubby plant, and where it is not grown a note should be made to plant it in the autumn, or, better still, in the spring. When once established it is perennial, sending out long underground roots spreading in suitable surroundings. Pieces of the thickened root may be cut off and planted elsewhere. There are gardens on warm, light soil in Surrey where this beautiful plant, growing to a height of 6ft. or 7ft., has smothered up the surrounding vegetation. In colder places and on heavier soils it should be planted near to a wall with a southern or western aspect for preference. It is sometimes much damaged by frost, but it seldom fails to send up fresh growths in the spring, on the points of which the flowers are borne. The damage by winter frost is not, therefore, serious unless the roots are affected, although it is much to be preferred that the plants should retain their handsome, finely cut foliage all through the winter.

VERBASCUM OLYMPICUM.

This is one of the grandest species of a noble genus and one of the giants of its race. It comes from Bithynia and grows



ROMNEYA COULTERI.

to a height of anything up to 10ft., with enormous branching spikes of sulphur-coloured flowers over 1in. in diameter. In addition to its attractive wealth of flowers it is handsome in its silvery, woolly foliage. The leaves are broad and lanceolate, forming a large rosette rising a few feet from the ground. Mulleins or Verbascums are such handsome plants that they look well in almost any situation. Their stately form is seen to advantage on the fringe of the woodland where the Foxglove thrives, or in bold clumps mingled with tall Hollyhocks at the back of the flower border, but the smaller Verbascums are never so happy as when growing as self-sown seedlings out of the side or from the top of a loose stone wall.

Verbascums have a happy way of sowing themselves in all sorts of odd places. Seedlings will grow out from stone steps or appear by the path-side, where the spikes of bloom will later on tower above the surrounding vegetation. Needless to say, well placed seedlings should always be left, for they invariably do better than those transplanted. *V. phoeniceum*, which, by the way, is truly perennial, has flowers of wonderful colours ranging from pure white through lavender and mauve to deep purple.

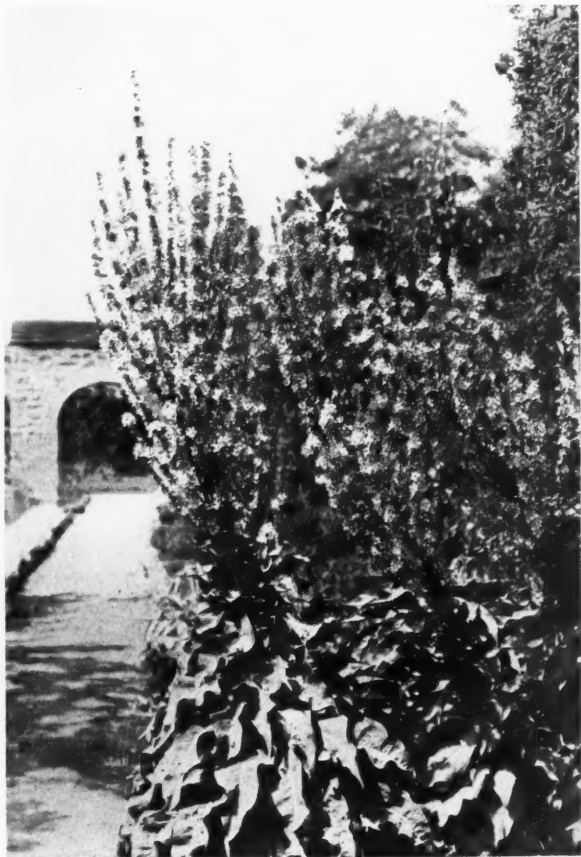
Again, some of the newer hybrid Verbascums are remarkable for their rich colours, embracing deep coppery tones, old rose and rosy buff, while others range from crushed strawberry to hues of crimson. A little selection from these colours soon ensures the most pleasing effects that one could hope for.

Most of the Verbascums, including the one illustrated, are of biennial duration, and may be raised from seed sown in an open, sunny position in August or the first week in September, transferring the seedlings to their flowering quarters some time in October.

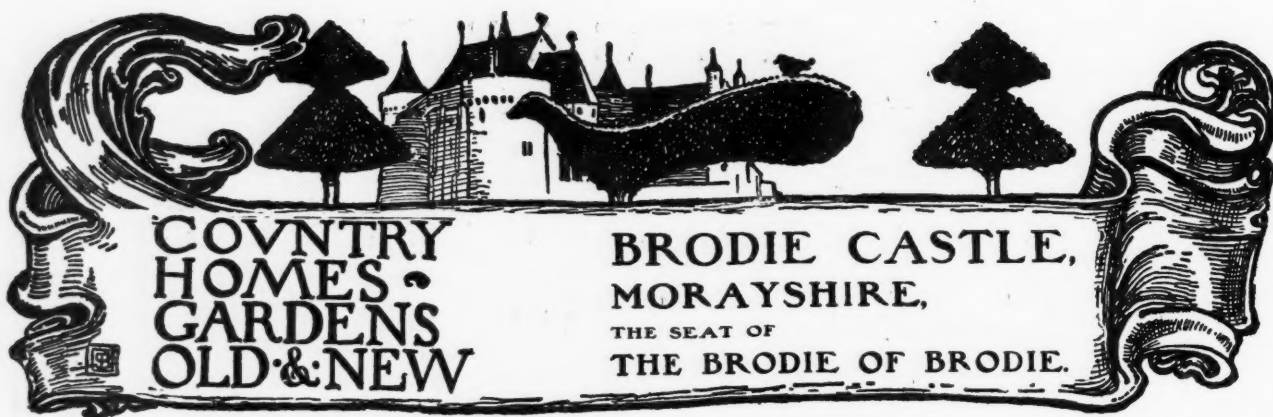
THE LATE LORD REDESDALE AND HIS GARDEN.

A PART from his many duties in diplomatic, parliamentary and social life, Lord Redesdale was one of the pioneers in modern gardening. It was his official connection with the late Sir Joseph Hooker which in a great measure led him to take a keen interest in collecting and cultivating outdoor plants. He became an authority on garden design, and he was much consulted by King Edward over the rearrangement of the gardens at Buckingham Palace, Sandringham and Frogmore. His enthusiasm for the Bamboo led him to write that excellent work, "The Bamboo Garden," published in 1896, a careful and practical study containing useful information about the planting as well as the economic importance of this interesting family of plants.

His beautiful garden at Batsford Park, including a wonderful wild garden made in his later years, is a reflection of his good taste and wide knowledge, not only in the cultivation of Bamboos, but also with many other plants that he proved by experiment would stand the vagaries of our peculiar climate. His success in this direction was all the more remarkable since his garden was unfavourably situated on the eastern verge of the Cotswolds. Here he grew over forty species of Bamboos, most of them natives of Japan, China and the Himalayas. During his later years he was intensely occupied in the cultivation of the flowers and plants he had seen during a long and active life in the service of this country in other lands. H. C.



VERBASCUM OLYMPICUM.



FOR five hundred years Brodies have been Lairds of Brodie and taken their part in the troubled doings which make the story of Scotland; but the outstanding figure in the family was Alexander the Diarist. Andrew Lang in his "History of Scotland" justly exhibits him as the type and pattern of a seventeenth century Covenanting laird, and gives such engaging extracts from his diary as to suggest that he was no less than a Scottish Pepys. Perhaps Andrew Lang has thereby sent many another, as he sent me, to the diary itself, a portly volume published by the Spalding Club in 1863, but that adroit sifter of records had given on two pages of his history as full and as typical a choice of entries as the general reader would have courage to tackle.

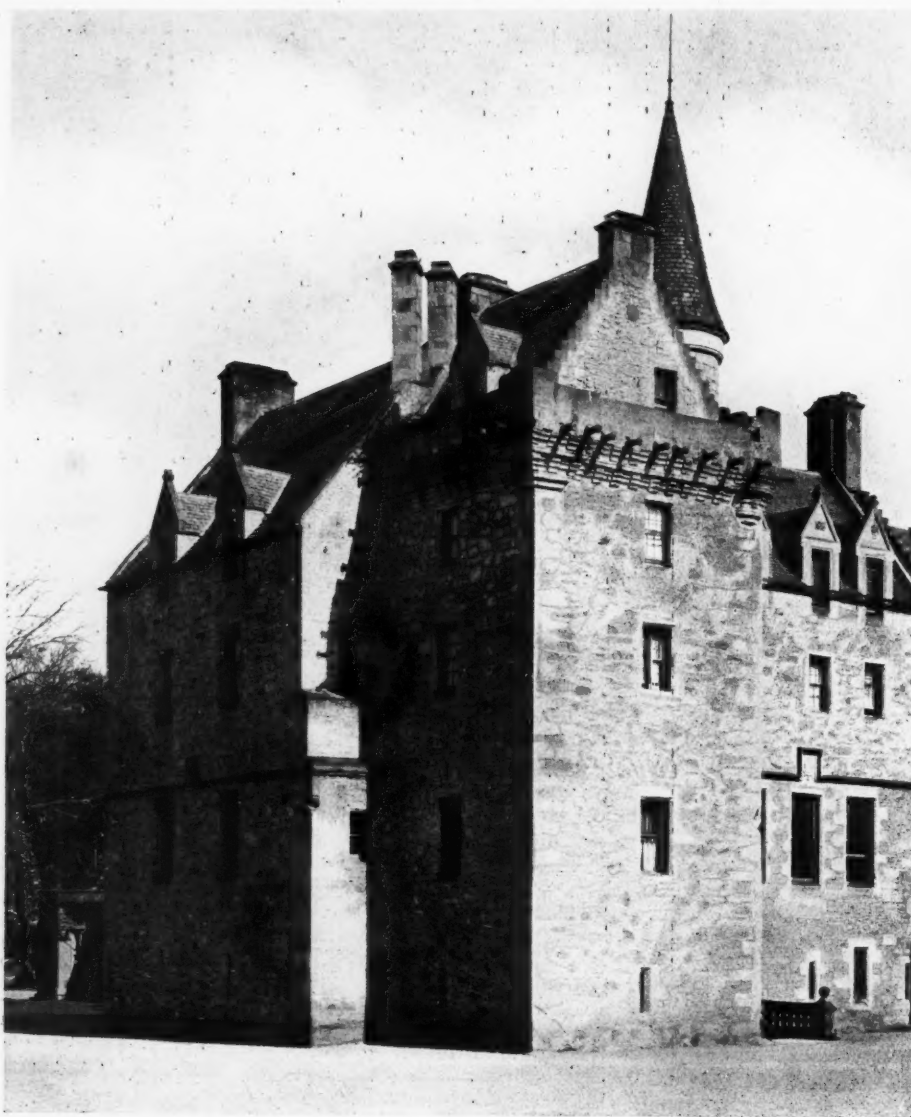
Alexander Brodie was born in 1617 and descended from a Michael de Brothie who had a charter of the Brodie

lands from King Robert I about 1311. His father, David, had married a niece of the Admirable Crichton and died in 1632. We need go back no further than this David's grandfather, another Alexander, who flourished in the middle of the sixteenth century and probably gave to the castle its main outlines, since, however, altered by fire and re-building.

Alexander the Diarist made an interesting marriage at the age of eighteen when he took to wife the widow of the Tutor of Cromarty, John Urquhart of Craigston. She lived for five years only, and he remained a widower, despite a disposition markedly amorous, as certain lamenting passages in the diary clearly hint. Freed from domestic ties he threw himself vigorously on the side of the Covenant, and was concerned in the smashing of "idolatrous" works of art in Elgin Cathedral. It is some satisfaction to

know that the minister who was concerned with Brodie in this iconoclasm was much worried on finding that the wood of the demolished choir screen would not burn in his kitchen fire. As for Brodie himself, there was reserved a more definite judgment on his sacrilege. When Montrose set Scotland alight on the King's behalf in 1645, he was returning from Inverness and "comes down throu Morray, chargis his rebell subjects, with fire and sword, while utheris were plunderit and their housis brynt." Altogether Brodie was hard bested during these early years of his manhood, and his diary sets out the exceeding familiarity with which he communed with God about his troubles. Three years after his wife's death "the Lord smyt me with a fouler rod than all that ever befell me." One after another his sisters were guilty of certain irregularities which Brodie described in plain biblical language, and he showed only a mild satisfaction when later he could write, "a remedy of their wickedness has the Lord provided in settling them in marriage."

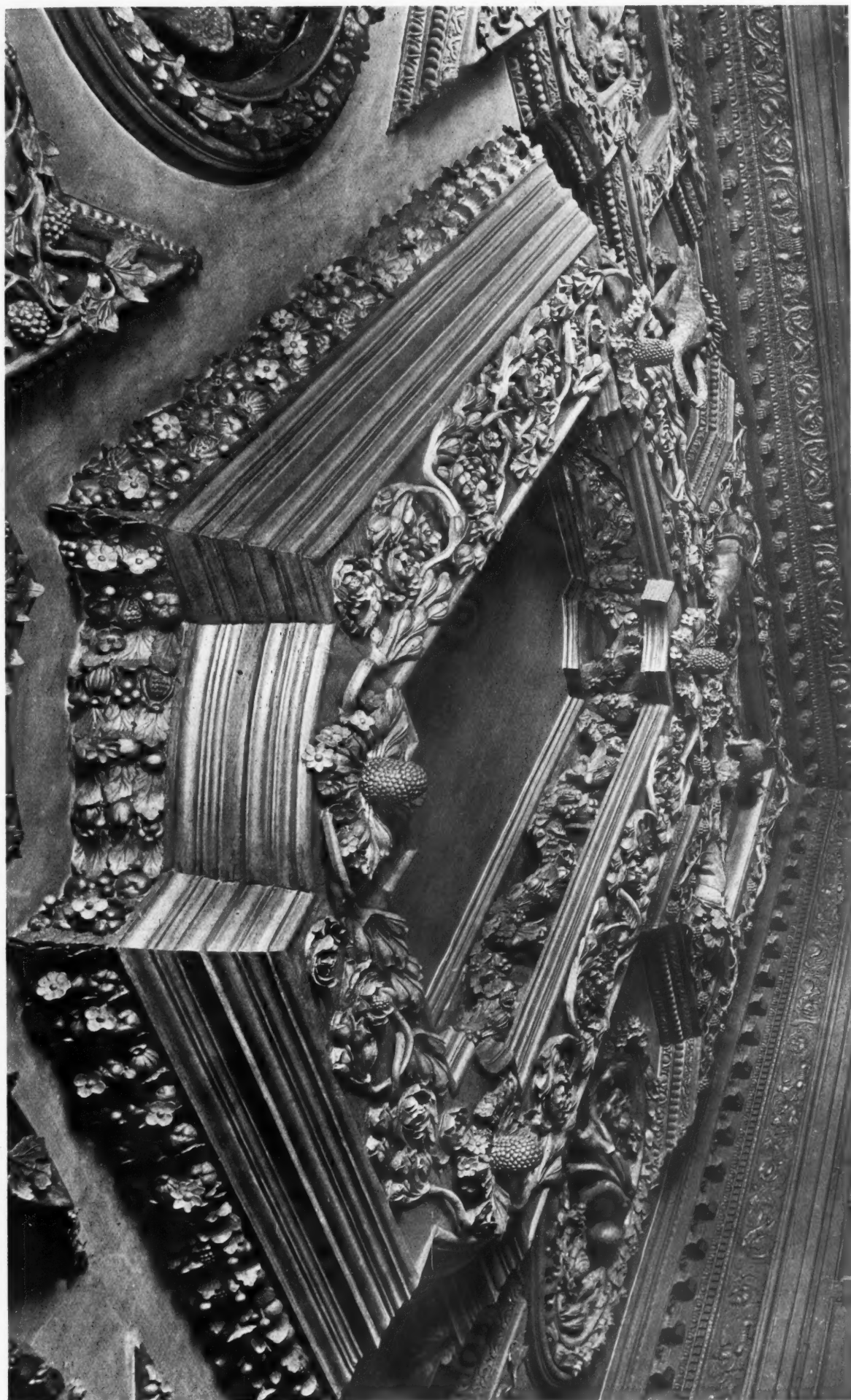
When Montrose's men—it was Lord Lewis Gordon who operated at Brodie—burnt down to the ground "my hous my mains and bigging," our laird reached the nadir of his ill-fortune and things mended from then. Indeed, it seems highly unlikely that the burning was so complete as he says. If it were, he restored the castle much as he found it, a house of Z plan



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FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



DINING-ROOM CEILING AT BRODIE CASTLE.

'COUNTRY LIFE.'

Copyright.

which lost its typical disposition of rooms by more recent re-modellings. The diary is an extraordinary medley of extreme and obviously sincere piety, of a copious if tearful pleasure in the misdeeds of his relations, and of turgid penitence for personal lapses which might well have made him charitable to his sisters. But it is impossible to be too censorious, for gallantry was in his blood. The lady in an old Scots ballad complains to the beggarman who "has made prize of her virtue":

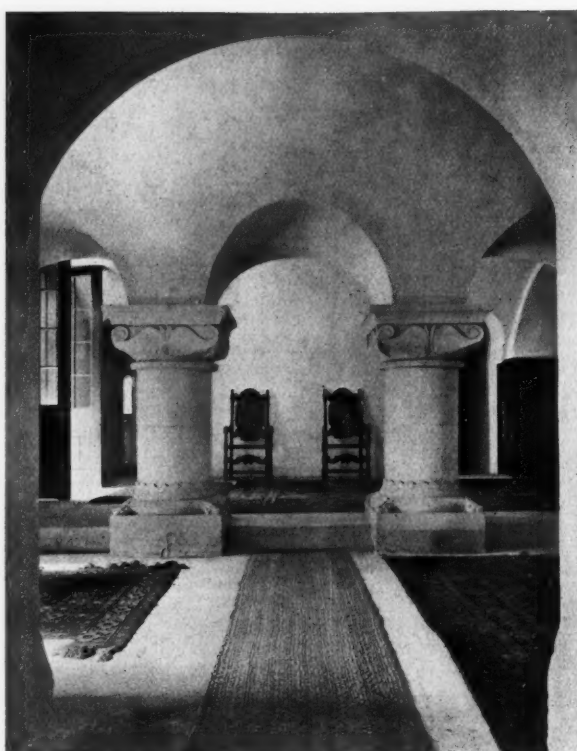
I thocht ye'd been some gentleman
At least the laird o' Brodie.

We cannot attach this legend to our Diarist, but there is no historical inconsistency in this mingling of sacred and profane loves.

Brodie went two journeys abroad to see Charles II on behalf of his Scottish supporters in 1649 and 1650, and had already tasted of the fruits of worldly success by getting himself appointed a Lord of Session. He notes also his sinful inclination to accept a judgeship from Oliver Cromwell two years before the Restoration. His mindfulness of imperfections in himself and others is the strongest note in the diary.

Craigstoun did communicate to me his purpose of marriage with Seaforth's sister (I observed the man's imprudence).

This day I intended to plant and graft trees and was a little employed therein. I desired to have my sinful affection pardoned in going about these natural things . . .



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ENTRANCE HALL.

"C.L."

The smith burnt his feet and the smithy was burnt. I did see and observe the Lord's holiness, and that man's rashness and presumption, oh that it may tend to humble him. . . .

These extracts are typical of scores which might be set down. When Brodie went to London he saw the Lord Mayor's Show. "O learn me to die, to be crucified to all this." Any writings that criticised the true doctrine, as Brodie understood it, were read by him with much the same emotions as overcome the orthodox churchman when he reads Mr. Bernard Shaw's preface to "Androcles and the Lion," but with less reason. True doctrine for him included the certain destruction in the next life of anyone who was tinged with what he comprehensively regarded as Popery. Yet for all that he had to admit a certain weakness for the liturgy and for English religious forms. He went to Westminster Abbey and was constrained to admit that "they might partake savingly" of the communion

which at that time ministers in Scotland refused to celebrate. Alongside of heart-searchings on minute points of which it is difficult now to see even the significance, he had a frank appreciation of God's providence in little practical things. These show the canny Scot's concern for his worldly as well as his spiritual welfare. In 1654 the Highlanders under Glencairn were burning and ravaging the Covenanters' lands. Brodie's neighbour, the Laird of Leathin, had his corn and houses



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SITTING-ROOM, FORMERLY THE KITCHEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE LIBRARY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

burnt. "Upon the news I said to Leathin, my heart is calm, and I do rejoice in God and bless his name." One wonders how Leathin took this vicarious calmness about his misfortunes. But when Glencairn had been making for Castle Brodie on this very errand Brodie's "heart grew like a stone." Fortunately for him a turbulent river deflected Glencairn and when he succeeded in crossing, Leathin's lands and not Brodie's suffered from the Highlanders' summary methods. This caused Brodie "to observe the Lord's providence" and to hold a private fast at which Leathin himself was present in humiliation. It is pleasant to record that Brodie's thankfulness for his own escape took practical form in a gift of oats to Leathin's plundered tenants. For all his quaint inconsistencies there shines from the pages of Brodie's diary a fervour which is as refreshing as it was sincere. If it was disfigured by such blemishes as his sorrow when some unhappy women accused of witchcraft escaped a cruel death by her acquittal, it shows no more than that Brodie was not ahead of his time. Even so large souled a man as Sir Thomas Browne was not averse from dealing with witches as the law provided. Brodie died in 1680 (on a Sabbath Day as he had wished), and the last entry in his diary, made the day before, was a singularly apt quotation from the Book of Job.

It would seem that he committed to his son the duty of continuing the diary. James Brodie began one on the day of his father's death, but continued it for five years only. It closes with the news of Charles II's death, and is a rather pitiful record of the petty religious persecutions of the time, of his troubles in getting his daughters married,

and of his own distrust of himself. He seems to have lacked that strength of character which marked his father. Some entries show that he was busy employing masons, but it is difficult to disentangle their work, and possibly his additions were swept away during the alterations of last century. We may be sure, however, that the very noble plasterwork of the dining-room ceiling was done about 1680. The domed ceiling in the little sitting-room which opens from the red drawing-room may well be of about 1620. Despite changes the castle shows typical examples of various periods of Scottish architecture, just as Alexander Brodie shows himself in his diary as a perfect type of the laird of his generation.

LAWRENCE WEAVER.



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A DOMED PLASTER CEILING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

MOISSAC

BY SIR MARTIN CONWAY.

ON the banks of the Tarn, about forty miles north-west of Toulouse, is situated all that remains of the ancient and once famous Abbey of Moissac. Its origin is lost in the mists of Merovingian antiquity. Its endowments were considerable, and in the twelfth century it embodied its wealth in ponderous and splendid buildings. The surviving parts are the remarkable portal of the church and the magnificent cloister dating from the decade immediately succeeding the year 1100. The church was rebuilt in the fifteenth century and does not now concern us; the monastic buildings, have all been destroyed.

One notable remnant, however, of the sixth or seventh century exemplifying the early foundation of the abbey is a fine sculptured stone sarcophagus, a rare example of Merovingian art. In the middle of the face is the Early Christian monogram between the initials Alpha and Omega. There are also panels of vine tendrils and others filled with formal

trees foliated as with wings. The type with the overhanging sides and saddle lid belongs to Southern France, and a good parallel to this coffin comes from Bordeaux. They are Visigothic work.

As we do not illustrate the porch, a brief reference to it will suffice. It is a two-storeyed edifice with a vaulted chamber above, built early in the twelfth century. Fifty years later another portal, richly decorated with remarkable sculptures, was added in front of it, the purpose of this addition being to carry a battlemented platform to defend the entrance to the church; such was the insecurity of the time. The porch sculpture is reserved for notice at some future date. The great porch not only admitted to the church, but also through a side door, to the cloister to which attention is now invited.

The date of the dedication of the church was 1063, the very year in which Doge Contarini began to rebuild St. Mark's at Venice in the form in which it exists, the year also in which Pisa Cathedral was begun. This is no chance synchronism. It is easy for an Englishman to remember that the culmination of the great twelfth century building initiative, to which we owe so many of the most imposing mediæval buildings still existing, was approximately contemporary with the Norman Conquest of England, and that the religious and social movement to which these wonderful buildings owe their origin was the same which gave rise to the First Crusade. The sculpture of Moissac expresses the very same ideals as the sermons of Peter the Hermit. The latter have vanished into the utter silence and oblivion of the past; the former are as plain to see to-day as when they were first carved, and if we could behold them with the understanding of the people of the eleventh century the secrets of that strange day would be revealed to us.

For some unexplained reason the cloister, having been built and sculptured in the eleventh century, was reconstructed out of the same materials early in the twelfth century, a few years before the abbey transferred itself to the Cistercian Rule. The sculpture, therefore, and fortunately for us, is anything rather than Cistercian. St. Bernard's reform showed itself, on the material side, in great



Frederick H. Evans.

LOOKING INTO THE CLOISTER GARTH.

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architectural plainness. Those who are familiar with Fountains Abbey will know what Cistercian architecture was like. It aimed at providing nothing more than was necessary—strength, sufficiency of parts, but a very minimum of decoration—and if the founder had had his way, no decorative sculpture whatever. A typical Cistercian cloister of the twelfth century was a barrel-vaulted tunnel with

the piers of the cloister, so that the Twelve are made up with eleven Apostles and the Abbot, an arrangement probably unique! The cloister is not vaulted, but covered with a wooden roof supported by the church and abbey walls on one side and by the wonderful colonnade, so beautifully depicted in our photographs, on the other. The interior space is now planted with fine trees, whose foliage enriches



Frederick H. Evans.

THE CLOISTERS: MOISSAC.

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relatively small windows opening on the cloister garth—a sort of Charing Cross Bridge architecture—which owes to the embellishing hand of Time such adornment as it may possess. Very different was the work of Abbot Durand of Moissac, who belonged to a worldlier generation than the fiery Bernard. Durand, indeed, must have had no small idea of his own consequence, for he caused his own sculptured figure to take the place of one of the apostles backed against

and enframes the sculpture and whose trunks and branches seem, as it were, part of the same wood as the columns and arches ranked behind them.

The arcades of cloisters of this type and period are generally supported by a series of twin columns. At Moissac the columns are alternately single and double, and the capitals are correspondingly varied. Some of the twin columns have a capital apiece. With others the capitals



ST. MICHAEL AND SATAN.

THE BYZANTINE NOTE.

THE CRUCIFIXION OF ST. PETER.

are joined and cut from a single stone. Others, again, have a capital shared between them. The consequent play of form endows the arcade with a pleasing multiplicity of effect. Both in design and cutting these elaborately sculptured stones are of the best of their day or of any day. No one could now invent such designs, for they were the outcome of a surviving tradition and of current ideas all alike passed away. Moreover, the tools and the skill of the sculptors just matched the kind of work they were asked for. A modern craftsman would know too much to reproduce these capitals without archaistic affectation. About half of them are purely decorative, the remainder being adorned with figure subjects. If a modern sculptor were asked to carve Daniel in the Den of Lions on one face of a four-sided capital, reducing the subject to a decorative scheme, he would find the problem difficult of solution. The Romanesque sculptor was in better case. He could avail himself of a fixed tradition which all his contemporaries understood. Behold, then, Daniel seated with hands symmetrically raised, a rampant lion on

either side, back to back, with paws resting on a tree at the angle of the capital, and each head turned round over the shoulder toward the prophet. The result is an admirable decoration seen from any distance—an agreeable combination of knobs and shadows, rhythmically linked together. Had Daniel been more correctly drawn or the lions more naturalistic, the effect would have been spoiled. Had the artist been a more correct draughtsman in the modern sense he could not have produced this result. If he had consciously misdrawn his Daniel we should have felt the artificiality and resented it; but the fact that he drew as well as he could, that this was the nearest he could come to the aspect of Daniel or of lions, enabled him both to produce a composition completely decorative and, at the same time, to preserve his good faith and make us conscious of his genuineness. Daniel between two symmetrical lions had been depicted again and again from very early Christian days. You may see him thus in the catacombs. Every Burgundian well-to-do warrior of the seventh century liked the buckle of his sword-belt



Frederick H. Evans.

THE CURSE OF CAIN.

DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN.

THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI.

Copyright.

SOME OF THE CAPITALS AT MOISSAC.

to be thus adorned. They did not ask for a well drawn Daniel or snapshots of real lions. They wanted the emblem and wanted it to be decorative. Thus the tradition was slowly evolved which here guided the sculptor's chisel. And as it was with Daniel, so was it with the whole round of Christian subjects. They had all

been so often depicted with economy of figures that almost every incident in Christian story had been boiled down to its essential elements and could be immediately recognised by the public in the most abbreviated form. In St. Mark's at Venice are four columns whose surface is carved in tiers of little arched niches, and the whole New Testament story is condensed within them—Annunciation, Visitation, Nativity and so forth. It was a *tour de force* thus to depict these complicated incidents with only two or three figures to each, all framed under arches, and yet easily recognisable while restrained within the limits of severe symmetry and a combined decorative effect.

On another of the Moissac capitals, now illustrated, we can recognise the Curse of Cain with a few carved words to help us: "Where is Abel thy brother?" "Nescio."



MEROVINGIAN SARCOPHAGUS.

their heads. One is the archangel Michael, another is Satan, the subject being the Fall of Lucifer and the Angels. Behind it is a splendidly decorative treatment of birds—a pair of great eagles on each face of the cap and a pair of doves with interlaced necks on the moulding above them. The treatment was the sculptor's, but he did not invent the idea. Bird-angled capitals were a well known Byzantine type, while the interlacing of animals descends from the barbarian tradition so elaborated by Celtic artists in the great days of the Irish school.

The sculptor's dependence on contemporary Byzantine art is best seen in the purely decorative capitals and the ornamental mouldings above them. We illustrate one, for instance, which stands in our print in front of the Crucifixion of St. Peter. The twin capitals are a free French

The letters are patched about so as not to offend the eye by a disturbing regularity. On another we see Peter crucified with his head downward. There is also the Adoration of the Magi. More difficult to identify is the meaning of the capital with the effective covering of snake-like flames. Unfortunately, the figures have lost



Frederick H. Evans.

ONE OF THE ALLEYS.

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treatment of a fine Byzantine type of basket capital, examples of which adorn the exterior of St. Mark's at Venice. The decorated moulding above, with its row of circles, is obviously borrowed from a common decoration on the ivory Byzantine caskets which enjoyed a great popularity at this time and were scattered abroad by a flourishing trade then at its height. Ladies bought them for their jewel cases and presently presented them for reliquaries to the churches they patronised, so that a considerable number have come down to us, the best, perhaps, being the Veroli casket in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

It will be noted that the last half of the letters of the alphabet from K to Z is carved just above this band of ornament. In many convents the monastic school was held in the cloister, so that this alphabet may have actually been used for teaching, but the letters are so delightfully

formed that they may have been carved up primarily as decoration.

One of our general views will be noted as strangely Oriental in effect. At first glance we might almost imagine it a part of the Alhambra. There was, in fact, a strong Oriental influence at work among the artists of Southern France at this time. The brilliant achievements of Moorish artists in Spain in the great days of Spanish Islam could not be without effect across the Pyrenees. It was, in fact, an important element in that wonderful blossoming of a new civilisation which occurred in Provence and was utterly destroyed by the Albigensian crusades. To this we can only now refer. The cloister of Moissac belongs to the Provence school. We shall hereafter have other opportunities of examining some of the finest monuments of that school still remaining on the soil of the province.

WHAT NORTH WALES HAS DONE FOR THE WAR.—II

THE regiment of North Wales is the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. The 1st Battalion of the Welsh Fusiliers was hurried home from Malta to join the 7th Division—the nucleus of the 4th Corps—and the Welsh Fusiliers were brigaded with the Queen's, the Warwicks and the South Staffords in General Lawford's 22nd Brigade. After hard marching in Flanders in the early days of October, the battalion "attacked Kleghoek with gallantry and dash." They advanced to within eight or nine hundred yards of the enemy, when they were met by a terrible fire of shell and about 140 men were knocked out. The men behaved with coolness and discipline under trying conditions, when they were ordered to retire, and several of their officers had fallen, including Captain Harris St. John. On the 20th and the next day the Fusiliers, who were on the left of the division at Zonnebeke, held their line under very heavy enfilade artillery fire and an enveloping attack of the enemy, until General Lawford ordered them to withdraw. The two days were very critical, and for a little time it looked as if the flank of the division would be turned, for it was not until the afternoon of the 21st that the 2nd Division could link up with it at the level crossing of the Ypres-Roulers Railway. In those two days the regiment lost three-quarters of its strength in officers and men. But worse was to follow. When the line of the 7th Division was readjusted on the 26th, the division held a position further south, from the Gheluvelt cross-roads to east of Zandvoorde, and the Welsh Fusiliers were practically wiped out as a fighting unit in the great German attack of the 29th and 30th. The Welsh Fusiliers, who

were on the right of the 7th Division's line, were exposed to an enveloping attack, when troops on their right were driven back, but held on for a time, though it lost its Colonel, Colonel Cadogan, and all other officers. Only ninety men rejoined the brigade of the regiment that had "particularly distinguished itself for gallantry and devotion, and for holding out against the enemy until it had practically ceased to exist."

There are a number of Welsh Fusiliers who are prisoners in the hands of the Germans, but theirs was not a case of hasty surrender. "We fought to the very last," wrote Private Clifford Lewis. "We had used all our ammunition and they were shelling our trenches. Our rifles got full of sand and earth and became useless, and so all we could do was to sit still and wait for death. But we got cut off, surprised and captured."

It seems a strange thing that a battalion that had ceased to exist, for the time being, should so soon become an efficient fighting force. In the spring of 1915 the 22nd Brigade made the most successful movement of the battle of Festubert, advancing to the south-east of Festubert against the Rue d'Ouvet. The Welsh Fusiliers arrived in the trenches on the evening of May 15th. During the night the Engineers were out in front of their trenches, bridging a broad ditch full of water

which lay between the lines and cutting paths through the maze of wire; and short scaling ladders were provided for climbing over the parapets of the trenches. The Germans, suspecting something of the attack, shouted across that evening from their trenches, only some two hundred yards away, "When are you going to attack us, Englishmen?" and "When is the great offensive?" But



SERG.-MAJOR BARTER, V.C.



LIEUT. W. G. C. GLADSTONE,
Royal Welsh Fusiliers.



Killed March, 1916.



Military Cross.



HON. F. MACLAREN, M.P.
Royal Flying Corps.

no answers were made except by the shelling of their trenches next morning. This bombardment wholly swept away the German wire entanglements, though it did not destroy all their trenches. When the guns began to "lift," the men of the Welsh Fusiliers were ready to attack. Their commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Gabbett, was killed the instant he left the trench, riddled with a hail of bullets, and Major Dixon was mortally wounded. A young officer, Second-Lieutenant Savage, cheered his men forward, though severely wounded near the German parapet. In the dull twilight of that May morning, it was a fine sight, as one of their officers said afterwards, to see the gallant way in which the leading company—soon followed by a second and third

maintained by messengers. There was never any lack of volunteers for this hazardous duty. The stretcher-bearers also did splendid service, notably Lance-Corporal Welsh, who went out with Lance-Corporal Condry, in the teeth of the fire which met the first attack, to look for the wounded. Condry was hit almost at once, and, unable to carry, lay out in the open and bandaged the wounded, whom Welsh carried under cover. Lieutenant Kelsey Fry, the Welsh Fusiliers' doctor, continued to dress the wounded, though shot through the elbow with shrapnel.

The 2nd Battalion of the Welsh Fusiliers were in the early days of the war in the 19th Brigade of the 3rd Army Corps, brigaded with the Scottish Rifles, the Middlesex,



CAPT. RANDLE MAINWARING. CAPT. H. B. MOSTYN PRYCE.
Denbighshire Yeomanry.



Who fell at St. Eloi.



LT.-COL. BASIL E. PHILIPS.
Killed near Suwla Bay.



CAPT. P. G. J. MOSTYN.
Military Cross.

—advanced across the shell-swept ground. "There was no wavering; the line kept on growing thinner and thinner, but the men's enthusiasm never waned, and the roar of their voices shouting words of encouragement to each other could be plainly heard from our parapet." The Welshmen threw themselves into the breaches of the German trenches, and struggling figures could be seen through the lyddite smoke. After the trench was taken, and the Germans had rushed down a long communication trench leading to an orchard, Captain Stockwell led his men up this trench, but they were brought to a standstill by machine-gun fire from six ruined cottages. Owing to the smallness of the British force, it was impossible to rush the position, but one small cottage was taken, and its occupants bombed out. This cottage was held, in spite of all the enemy's efforts, until Sunday evening, when the little band was ordered to retire to the second line of trenches captured from the Germans, which had been occupied by us. A young officer, Second-Lieutenant Guy Barton, led an attack with three bombers upon these cottage-fortresses with great gallantry; and when he was wounded on May 17th and sent down to the base, he heard on his way that the grenade company was without an officer. He refused to go any further and returned to take command.

Among the many brave deeds performed by the Welsh Fusiliers, the exploit of Company-Sergeant Barter is especially noteworthy, and has won him the Victoria Cross. On the 16th, with a party of eight bombers—men from three regiments, the Welsh Fusiliers, the Queen's, and the 8th Royal Scots—he attacked the German trenches, capturing more than a hundred prisoners and five hundred yards of trenches. "You ought to have heard the cheer," he wrote, "when we delivered up our prisoners; it was worth all the risk we had undertaken. I noticed several electric wires along the trenches. These were what we call mine-leads, and for all we knew the beggars had mined their way to our trenches. They were not insulated, and it was dangerous to touch them if charged from the electric battery in the rear." But Sergeant-Major Barter severed eleven of these wires with nippers, after carefully tying them up in various places with strips of canvas torn from sandbags. Owing to the severity of the shelling, nearly all the telephone wires were cut, and communication with the rear had to be

and the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. They were not at Mons on Sunday, August 23rd, but were on the lines of communication, and were brought up next day and joined General Smith-Dorrien's command early on Monday, the 24th. When the retreat began, the brigade on the flank of the 2nd Corps between Bry and Jenlain, shared in the retreat, and a company of the Welsh Fusiliers did good work in holding a bridgehead after our troops had left Landrecies behind. Not far south of Landrecies was a bridge spanning a river over which the whole column had to pass, and to C Company of the Welsh Fusiliers was entrusted the duty of holding the bridge. Away to the right, other companies of the Fusiliers kept up an attack from their cover, in a turnip-field. Eighty men were left at first to keep the bridge—a wide stone bridge, whose massive parapet afforded excellent shelter. "Away on the flank there came steadily along a big force of Germans, and our men kept up from behind the parapet as hard an attack with their maxims and their rifles as they possibly could, but as the Germans were pushing forwards towards the bridge, the main part of the company was withdrawn and sixteen men only were left on the bridge. When the time came for this little band also to withdraw, the Royal Engineers, who had been expected to come back to blow up the bridge, did not arrive, and the officer in charge decided to destroy the bridge without delay. One of the men who laid the charge lost his life in the explosion, but the other fifteen joined the rest of the company unhurt. The stand of the "gallant sixteen" was a thing of which the Welsh Fusiliers may well be proud.

The battalion were in the advance across the Marne and the Aisne—where they saw some hot fighting at Braine—and in 1915 they formed part of the 82nd Brigade, with the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, the Leicesters, and the Royal Scots in the 27th Division of Sir Herbert Plumer's 5th Corps, and were in the midst of the attack at St. Eloi on March 14th, where the Germans concentrated a mass of artillery against the line held by the division.

But it is not only the two regular battalions who are engaged, for by Christmas, 1914, the Welsh Fusiliers numbered twenty-three battalions. The 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th (Territorials) Battalions are the Denbigh, the Flint, the Carnarvonshire and Anglesey, the Merioneth and Montgomery Battalions, and these began to train for active service



LT. WATKIN WILLIAMS-WYNN.

as soon as the war broke out. The Denbighshire men were among those who went to the front before the close of 1914, a tribute to their efficiency. The North Wales Brigade under Brigadier-General F. C. Lloyd—with the Herefords taking the place of the 4th Battalion, which had gone to France—left for Gallipoli on July 14th; and the 5th Battalion—the Flintshire Territorials—were heavily tried in their advance across the shell-swept Salt Lake on August 10th. Since the war began thirteen Service battalions and a garrison battalion have appeared in the Army List.

In Flintshire, the Lord-Lieutenant, Lieutenant W. G. C. Gladstone, a grandson of the late William Ewart Gladstone of Hawarden, fell near Laventie on April 13th, 1915. He held a commission in the Welsh Fusiliers, and was shot in the head while on the parapet of a trench trying to locate a sniper. In one of his letters he wrote, as if prescient of his short life, "You will be wrong if you regret my coming, for I am very glad and proud to have got to the front. It is not the length of existence that counts, but what is achieved in that existence, however short." Another young officer of the Welsh Fusiliers, Captain P. G. J. Mostyn, son of the late Mr. G. T. B. Mostyn, has won the Military Cross for his gallantry and ability, especially in bringing in two men of his patrol who were wounded on one occasion, carrying them a distance of one hundred and fifty yards into cover, under heavy fire, also in a reconnaissance near the enemy's trenches. Colonel Basil E. Philips of Rhûal, who commanded the 5th Welsh Fusiliers—the Flintshire Territorials—was killed in action while gallantly leading his regiment in an attack on the enemy's position near Suvla Bay on August 10th. He had been mentioned in despatches. Mr. Robert T. V. Dymock, son of Mr. R. G. V. Dymock of Penley Hall, who obtained a commission in the Shropshire Light Infantry in 1914, went to the front in June of the following year and took part in the storming of the German trenches at Hooge in August. He was made battalion bomb officer and was killed by a shell on October 27th. He was, in the words of his commanding officer, "a very quiet and courageous young officer, who always set a good example to his men."

Major Sir Wyndham Hanmer is in command of a squadron in the Remount Service, and his son, Mr. G. W. E. Hanmer, is a lieutenant in the Shropshire Yeomanry. Sir J. E. Bankes' son, Lieutenant R. W. Bankes, is serving in the Montgomeryshire Yeomanry. Mr. Philip R. Davies-Cooke, eldest son of Mr. Davies-Cooke of Gwysaney, holds a commission in the 1st Dragoons. The three sons of the late Mr. Edmund Peel of Brynypys have been serving, Major Hugh Peel of Brynypys in the 2/1st Welsh Horse, and Mr. Ernest Peel, who came back from the Argentine to join the Army, has been given a commission in the Grenadier Guards. The third brother, Lieutenant H. Ethelston, was killed at Neuve Chapelle in 1915. Mr. Hugh Grenville Williams, second son of Sir W. G. Williams of Bodelwyddan, came from Rhodesia to join, and enlisted in the King's Royal Rifles. He afterwards was given a commission in the Montgomeryshire Yeomanry.

In Denbighshire, Lieutenant Watkin Williams-Wynn of the 1st Dragoons, son of Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn, has been wounded in action, and Sir Watkin's brother,

Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Williams-Wynn, is in command of the 1st Montgomeryshire Yeomanry. Lord Aberconway's son, the Hon. Francis Maclaren, after serving in Belgium and in the trenches at Gallipoli as a lieutenant in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, has been transferred to the Flying Corps. Captain Myddelton of Chirk Castle is a captain in the Notts Royal Horse Artillery, and has served in the battery since its formation. It has taken part in the Senussi Expedition. Captain W. R. K. Mainwaring of the Denbighshire Yeomanry, who was severely wounded in the South African War, is assistant quartermaster-general of the Levant Base. Colonel Heaton of Plâs Heaton is in the Intelligence Department and his two sons are serving, Mr. John Heaton, also in the Intelligence Department, and Lieutenant H. E. Heaton in a submarine. Mr. R. Fenwick Palmer, son of Mrs. Fenwick of Plâs Ffron, who is in the 2nd Life Guards, has been wounded, and Captain J. C. Wynne Finch of the Coldstream Guards has also been wounded, and has been awarded the Military Cross. The three sons of Colonel Lynes of Gartheilio are serving, Captain Hubert Lynes in the *Penelope*, and Mr. Humphrey Lynes is a lieutenant in the Dorset Regiment; Captain Wynne Lynes of the King's Royal Rifles is a prisoner in Germany. Lieutenant Edward Wynne of Coed Coch is in the Grenadier Guards, and Mr. J. D. W. Griffith and Mr. Robert Griffith are both in the 4th Battalion of the Welsh Fusiliers. Among those who have fallen are Mr. G. E. V. Naylor-Leyland of the Royal Horse Guards, who was killed on the Aisne River in September, 1914, and Lieutenant-Colonel Madocks of the 9th Battalion, who was also killed in action. Captain L. Jones-Bateman of the Royal Field Artillery died of wounds in March, 1916, and his two brothers are serving, Mr. Reginald Jones-Bateman in the Welsh Regiment and Captain Frank Jones-Bateman in the 3rd Welsh Fusiliers.

In Anglesey, Major R. L. Lloyd of the Welsh Fusiliers, the son of Colonel Lloyd of Plâs Tregayan, died of wounds. He held the appointment of brigade major to the 158th Infantry Brigade in the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, which took him to the Dardanelles last July, and he was recommended for a D.S.O. for his gallantry at Suvla Bay. Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley is a commodore of the Royal Naval Division, and his son, Captain R. G. Williams-Bulkeley, is in the Welsh Guards. Lieutenant-Colonel Fox-Pitt of Presaddfedd raised and trained the 15th Battalion of the Welsh Fusiliers, and afterwards took command of the London Depot at Seaford; his elder son, Mr. W. A. Fox-Pitt, holds a commission in the Welsh Guards, and was wounded at the Hohenzollern Redoubt in 1915; while the second son, who is a midshipman, served throughout the Dardanelles Expedition. Lieutenant-Colonel Lawrence Williams of Parciau, who served in South Africa, has been in command of the 3rd Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, and is now in France.

Returning to Merionethshire, three sons of Mrs. Harry Lee of Gelligemlyn are serving. Major Romer Lee is D.A.A.G. to 2nd Mounted Division at Norwich; Captain Guy Lee, who has won the Military Cross and the Legion of Honour, is Commandant of the 2nd Army Grenade School in France, and Lieut. Gerard Lee, R.N.V.R., is in Jamaica. M. J.

LITERATURE

A BOOK OF THE WEEK

MR. SHANE LESLIE has written a very entertaining book of what he calls notes and souvenirs. When he likes, he can wield an incisive pen. He would appear to be rather young to have got into the autobiographic vein, but he has a sympathy with the past that atones in some degree for shortness of days. He calls his book *The End of a Chapter* (Constable), and probably not many readers will consider that it is the end of a book. The four chapters most to our liking are those entitled, respectively, "Links with the Past," "Eton," "Cambridge" and "The Politicians." The first is largely concerned with the memories of his grandfather, in his turn grandson of "The Fighting Bishop" who before battle used to invoke divine neutrality on the plea that "though we are sinners, the enemy are not saints." This ancestor, in whose memory Mr. Leslie has delved to some purpose, was a surviving cousin of Wellington. He was born in 1822, so that the whole Victorian panorama passed before

his eyes. He could remember the funeral of the Duke, and lived through five reigns. He heard the London newsboys cry the death of George IV, and he saw Talleyrand on the steps of Hertford House when Ambassador of France to St. James'. Once in Scotland, he listened to "a kind old gentleman who entered the coach at Edinburgh and explained the antiquities as they passed." This was Sir Walter Scott, who died in 1834. While a Harrow boy, he took out the first parts of the "Pickwick Papers," and here is a little thumbnail sketch of one who was to become a famous Harrovian:

One day an old boy came down to the school dressed in a sporting check, the boys clustered round to hear his yarns. It was the future Cardinal Manning, whom my grandfather describes as the neatest rider in Rotten Row.

From Oxford he carried away memories of Ruskin and of Inter-Varsity cricket. Some of the general recollections of the veteran are worth quoting:

In his youth prize-fighting was the national sport, and "the champion of England" was, after the Archbishop of Canterbury, unofficially the second

person in the realm. He watched the famous fight between Sayers and Heenan, which roused more real feeling between England and America than the *Alabama*. To a degenerate generation he used to describe how Sayers faced his rival like a polo-pony against a dray-horse, and though his right arm was soon put out of action fought thirty rounds with his left until Heenan's face was a red mask. Unfortunately, Sayer's backers broke the ring rather than lose their money, and the fight was declared drawn. It was the climax and end of the old English boxing without gloves. Never again did deputations from both Houses attend a prize-fight.

It would be pleasant to linger over these links with the past, but we must pass on to Eton College, of which Mr. Shane Leslie writes with an enthusiasm that does not lack discernment, as witness the following passage:

In the matter of education, Eton does not educate so much as initiate. She takes no pride in conferring a sound commercial training. Only one of my contemporaries has since "made his fortune," which he did while still in his teens by making an early corner in picture post-cards to the mild amazement of his instructors. Eton invests boys with a social stamp entitling them to enter the free-masonry of English gentlemen. Of this much envied and much decried society there are roughly three ascending degrees recognised unofficially throughout the Empire.

1. "Sportsmen."
2. Sportsmen who have been at Oxford and Cambridge.
3. Old Etonians.

The finest passage in the chapter, perhaps in the whole book, is the sketch of Dr. Warre:

Edmond Warre was one of the greatest of Eton headmasters—a Grecian and an oarsman, he epitomised English culture. His brow was Olympian, and he carried the shoulders of a prize-fighter. Out of his mouth proceeded praises and punishments with a sound of innocuous thunder. In class he often uttered platitudes as impressively as though they came from a judge of the living and the dead.

Every morning as he passed into chapel behind the solemn file of his sixth form performing their traditional goose-step to the notes of the organ, the school rose to salute him. The light from the east window threw a sightless expression upon his spectacles, always reminding me of *Edipus* stepping on to the Greek stage behind the rhythmic marching chorus. He was a grand old man, and worthy to flog future bishops and statesmen of England. I do not know how many hundreds of Eton boys slain in the battles of the Empire will not rise to do him reverence among the dead.

He seems to have entered equally into the spirit of Cambridge, where he picked out Headlam as the hero of the piece. He draws a parallel between him and Porson, emphasised by the fact that he died just one hundred years after Porson, leaving unfinished the *Æschylus* which he had dedicated to Swinburne eight years before. But we must pass over the University in order to get at the politicians. This chapter is a very curious mixture of real insight into character and sauce, if we may be allowed to use that word. Mr. Shane Leslie tries hard to be epigrammatic, and occasionally succeeds. Of Disraeli, for instance, he says: "He began as a pioneer in dress and an aesthete of words." It was Dizzy who wrote, "I like a sailor's life much, though it spoils the toilette!" Mr. Leslie is a nephew of Randolph Churchill, but his gossip is directed much more to the illustrious son of that illustrious statesman. He remembers Winston as a fearless, sandy-haired youth. Of the two, he says, "Few fathers have done less for their sons. Few sons have done more for their fathers." Winston's advice on education was: "Do not turn your mind into a damned ammunition wagon, but into a rifle to fire off other people's ammunition." He recalls his mockery of Balfour after he left office: "Queens never abdicate." The dissertation on Mr. Asquith is just a little ill-natured, but the following story is amusing:

Very symbolic is the story told of him at an entertainment of French delegates. Mr. Asquith wore the uniform of an elder brother of Trinity House, and this drew a query from a visitor. The incarnation of English dissent explained: "*Je suis le frère aîné de la Trinité!*" The Frenchman bowed politely and said: "*Ah—nous n'avons pas cela en France!*"

Of Mr. Shane Leslie's remarks about Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Grey the only comment needing to be made is that it takes something of greatness to recognise a great man.

Because it was Written, by Princess Catherine Radziwill (Catherine Kolb-Danvin). (Cassell, 6s.)

THE authoress in her foreword says that hers is not a work of the imagination, but rather of record of several lives which "it was her lot to know intimately." The exact value of such a statement on an author's part is impossible to appraise, and a book that takes the form of a novel must stand or fall as a novel. Her story is of the war on the Eastern front, save for a short excursion into Belgium, and her characters are for the most part Russian officers and their womenfolk. She has one situation of great possibilities. A Russian officer is severely wounded: his life may possibly be saved by an operation that will leave him a helpless cripple. His wife is in love with another man. That other man is a surgeon, and he by doing his duty and advising the operation, which others believe to be hopeless, and the wife by inducing her husband to undergo it are sealing the doom of their own happiness. It is a dramatic situation and the authoress we believe feels it to the full, but feelings, alas! will not always get into the writer's ink, and her words halt

far behind her emotions. There is the same criticism to be made on her account of Tannenberg, a battle of which we know little at present, though history will no doubt have much to say of it. The Russian armies, overwhelmed and struggling amid the swampy mud of the Mazurian lakes, offer a fine theme, and now and again the authoress seems likely to rise to the occasion, only to fall back too soon to a certain dead level of writing. The reader will feel sympathy and interest, but he can hardly fail to feel disappointment as well.

Love's Law, by Kate Horn. (Stanley Paul, 6s.)

SUBURBIA has its problems, sex or domestic, much the same as any other social *milieu*, the difference being relative merely. Miss Kate Horn writes of a certain sphere from within and therefore with sympathy. She shows us Sally Blaise, the pert product of a girls' high school, primed with opinions on life and suddenly placed in suburban surroundings where she is obliged to learn that life in practice includes a great deal that she had been taught to despise. Sally has much to go through before the lesson is learnt; trouble and scandal haunt her steps even into the quiet Cornish village where she goes to live, and threaten at last to come between herself and love. The most human figure in the story is, perhaps, the old suburban lady who talks bad grammar, but has a heart full of common-sense and kindness, and prevents Sally in the end from spoiling her own happiness. The author's outlook may be somewhat narrow, but she has a nice sense of humour at times and knows the tastes of those for whom she writes, and their appreciation is shown by the long list on the title-page of novels from her pen.

How Jonas Found His Enemy, by Greville MacDonald, M.D. (Constable.)

STORIES of faithful love generally leave the impression that marriage is at best a state of living "happy ever after" of which there is nothing interesting to record, a conclusion equally unhealthy and untrue. Dr. MacDonald seems without self-consciousness to hold the opposite view, for his book is the prose idyl of a wedded pair—their trials, their growth, their fears, their mutual loyalty. Jonas is a Sussex shepherd; Susan, his wife, a village belle. How Jonas languished in prison, his wife's devotion, the coming of the "liddle shepherd," and other such mundane matters show beautifully under the author's touch and lose nothing by the humbleness of the protagonists. Unfortunately, Dr. MacDonald has seen fit to swamp his simple tale with accounts of visions intended to be allegorical and illuminating, but so numerous and over-elaborate as to be, in spite of occasional lovely passages, merely confusing. There is also some verse which does nothing to help the visionary part of the book. Such a sentence as "Having cleared up so much of Steddecombe's social history antecedent to Jonas's arrest, the story can return to the prison and the events that followed upon his illness," like much of the book, has a refreshing but strange effect of being the work of someone quite unacquainted with the mannerisms of modern fiction. However, if Dr. MacDonald writes another book with the same fine breath of the South Downs in it, the same simple and straightforward characterisation and no occultism, it should be possible to give it the highest praise.

The Gods' Carnival, by Norma Lorimer. (Stanley Paul, 6s.)

NOW that submarines and other devilish contrivances menace the lives of would-be travellers writers who can transport us as on a wishing carpet to foreign parts have a double value. Miss Lorimer transports us to an enchanting spot, Taormina in Sicily, and beguiles us with a series of love stories embroidered on a fascinating background of Sicilian life. Taormina, like most picturesque spots in Italy and Sicily, was before the war a prey to the invasion of tourists, both English and German, who were encouraged by the indolent, money-loving natives for the sake of their gold, though often a sore worry by reason of their insatiable wants. "*Sempre, sempre.*" says the distracted innkeeper, Don Bastiano, "food for the Germans—and baths for the English!" Though she has a good deal of sympathy with the Teuton (the most charming of her heroines is a German), Miss Lorimer shows us plainly that this pre-war invasion on the part of the Germans had other objects in view than the mere gratification of a love of travel. We have a glimpse of the "system" that linked them all together as in a net; and the satisfaction later on of seeing the net caught by the flame of enthusiasm that spread through Italy and Sicily on the declaration of war against Austria, and burnt to ashes. Miss Lorimer is particularly successful in her character drawing, her portraits being strong and distinct. The portrait of the old mother of Giuseppe, Mareya, is a bold and clever sketch.

Forked Lightning, by Keble Howard. (The Bodley Head, 6s.)

MR. KEBLE HOWARD has reversed the usual order of things in making his farce into a novel. As might be expected, the result is a trifle thin. The average six shilling novel contains a great many more words than the average farce. It is far easier to reduce than to increase. Skillful selection and pruning are all that are wanted in the one case; stretching, padding and patching in the other. All these have been resorted to to turn "*The Green Flag*" into *Forked Lightning*. The material has been stretched till in parts it is almost transparent. Padding, in the shape of long-drawn-out reflections, has been introduced, and large patches have been inserted in the way of apostrophe to the reader and critic. As for the story, it follows the usual line, familiar to the play-goer. We have the happy couple leading a life of Arcadian bliss till the scheming woman arrives in their midst and "makes things hum"; the compromising cupboard scene; and the final clearing up of mysteries and general reconciliation all round. If Mr. Keble Howard were not possessed of an amusing, spirited style of writing we might throw the book impatiently aside; but he enjoys his own story, his plot, his padding and patching so much, that he enlists a certain amount of sympathy. After all, the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and poor stuff though we cannot but consider it, the fact remains that we did not put it down till we had finished it.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE GOVERNMENT AND WHEAT STRAW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The Government has prohibited the sale of wheat straw except for the purposes of feeding, thatching or packing. It is specially mentioned that it must not be used for bedding. From my experience the amount of wheat straw used for food is very small, both oat and barley straw being preferred as being much safer and more nutritious. A large arable farmer with whom I recently spoke on the subject stated that he very rarely gave his stock chaff from wheat straw; while another farmer said that he seldom made use of it, and when doing so mixed roots largely with the wheat chaff. My object in writing this letter is to ascertain what may be the opinions of others who are qualified to speak on this matter from practical experience. By forbidding the use of wheat straw for bedding the Government is putting a stop to the production of by far the larger proportion of farmyard and stable manure, than which there is nothing better for the land and market gardens. That wheat straw is used almost entirely for the thatching of ricks will be universally admitted, but that it should be utilised for packing purposes and for food when so many other products are available is surely unnecessary, and such a course cannot be said to be of assistance in increasing the fertility of the land, on which so much stress is laid at the present time with every reason.—F. W. DUNN.

RUSSIANS AT SALONICA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Since July 30th Russian troops have been landing constantly at Salonica, and I am sending you a photograph of Colonel Schiskine,



COLONEL SCHISKINE.

second in command, and the a-de-de-camp of the general, which I think may interest your readers.—M.

IRON SMELTING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent will find information in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," the "County History of Kent" and, I think, in the "Dictionary of National Biography" under the names "Streatfeild," one of the old charcoal burning families of Kent. The ore was carried to Kent from Staffordshire and, I think, Warwickshire by a road still well known, and reduced by the charcoal burners of the Weald. As for the smelting in Ireland, it was established by Sir William Petty on his grant of lands in County Kerry (afterwards confiscated). A full account will be found in the "Life of Sir William Petty," by Lord E. FitzMaurice, his descendant. The ore was carried in schooners to Kenmare, and the ingots carried back by the same way. Remains of the hearths are still to be seen, and some ingots have been lately found. I believe that what put an end to the destruction of the woodlands was the invention of the blast furnace.—D. FITZGERALD.

A STILL MORE AMIABLE BULL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may interest those of your readers who enjoyed the photograph of Heather Plume led by his owner on horseback, in your issue of August 5th, to know the writer once saw in the lanes of Somerset a fine young bull being led by a man on a bicycle. Unfortunately there was no opportunity of photographing the remarkable pair.—G. C.

THE INCREASING SWIFT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In view of the recent correspondence in your columns bearing on the alleged scarcity of certain members of the Hirundinidae in the County of Sussex, it may be of interest to hear of the occurrence of these species elsewhere. In a portion of the north-western corner of the County of Chester, which includes the Delamere Forest country, there is a marked increase this year in the number of house and sand martins. As regards swifts, their increased numbers is one of the features of this season, but swallows (*Hirundo rustica*) are rather scarce. Swifts and house martins outnumber the swallows by a very considerable ratio; in fact, it has been suggested that the proportion of swifts to swallows is more than twenty to one. It has been most pleasing to observe a welcome increase in the number of whinchats this year. Whereas last season there was only one pair of these birds breeding in a certain length of half a mile, there are this year no fewer than seven pairs located there. Willow wrens, sedge warblers and various kinds of wagtail are very abundant this year, but reed warblers are more scarce. Blackcaps and garden warblers have turned up very much as usual, likewise the dainty chiffchaffs and woodwrens.—OSWALD J. WILKINSON.

"THE SWALLOWS DARE."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—While I was watching the swallows at their silent manoeuvres, curtsying, diving, swooping, rising, falling, the other birds—blackbirds, thrushes, starlings and tom tits—were singing and twittering in the orchard, every little throat melodiously, one might imagine, trying to talk down its neighbour. Over the orchard, over the unconcerned cows in the meadow, over the very antithesis of themselves in nature, motion and appearance, namely, the three fat, heavy, tail-swishing sows in the paddock, went those aerial winged white-breasted birds, so bright and quick of eye, so sudden and swift of flight. Yet with the swallows elsewhere a degree of admiration had ever been meted out to the old white sows when, with a full summer sun sinking in red gold sheen, those flapping ears and scaly, deep-hanging, hairy sides of flesh had been illumined and transfigured to a glowing blush rosy hue. "What a picture for Morland," someone observed. Recalling those ugly old sows, one cannot help realising how kind a setting sun can be in glorifying otherwise unattractive objects. A moon is up in the soft clear blue of the sky. It is in a watery semicircle, with vague blue mountains shadowing up its disc. Suddenly up to that lovely, breezy, cool sky two swallows soar, far and farther still, the light of the sun sometimes lighting up their fine web of wings as they turn and twist in the sky. Then one watches them up in that breeze, clearly and obviously "letting themselves go," so to say, just afloat upon the current, drifting where it wills. The very symbol of conscious freedom, safety, sureness, enjoyment they look. And then, when tired of those high regions, comes a willing, intended fall, and down drop the happy quicksilver creatures earthwards again. There is a mill-pond near here where all the swallows collect for a few days before migrating. To see them by hundreds cutting to and fro fly-catching the whole air looks charged with arrows. The wonder is they never collide, but can skilfully steer and fly-catch at the same time. In past years several times swallows made determined efforts to build in our house. They came in at the open window to rooms in which people were in and out all day long. Selecting corners of the rooms just under the ceilings they commenced plastering their nests on; but each time being shut out, they were forced to find quarters elsewhere.—A. H.

BIRDS AND WHITE CURRANTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There is not the least doubt that birds prefer red currants to either black, white or yellow currants. Year after year that was my experience in the 'fifties and 'sixties as long as I kept a garden. The birds also prefer red ripe gooseberries to other kinds and almost left the yellow ones untouched. Red fruits and flowers are more attractive to birds and winged insects than those of more sober colours, and bees like red clover flowers better than white ones. The red honeysuckle draws more insect life than does the white, and it is the same all through both with fruits and flowers. Blue flowers are not so attractive as red ones, but yellow flowers run the red ones closely in this respect. Many countryfolk consider white currants are best.—THOMAS RATCLIFFE.

KEMPLEY CHURCH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the article upon this church the west window, which is filled with straight-sided reticulated tracery, is described as "perhaps the most startling modern note in the church." It is, however, a close reproduction of the east window of Barsham Church, Suffolk, as it existed before the 'seventies, when restoration substituted an arch for the original angular top. Barsham is built of flint rubble in the usual East Anglian manner, but here the lines of the window tracery are continued as flush stone bands forming a network of lozenge-shaped panels over the whole east front, whereby the harshness of the peculiar window shape is much mitigated. Exceptional interest attaches to the treatment in this instance; it is not merely an unlovely freak of design—for ugly it certainly is as seen from inside—but, as may usually be predicated of anything odd and seemingly unaccountable in mediæval design, the peculiar design was dictated by a very definite purpose. In the fourteenth century the Etchingham family were benefactors of the church, and the design of the east end represents the fret which they bore upon their shield. This little church, then, is remarkable as exhibiting what is probably the largest adaptation of heraldic motive to architectural design to be found anywhere in England.—F. C. EDEN.

"PLEASED TO SEE THE DOLPHINS PLAY."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a snapshot which may be of some use in your paper. It is unique, and shows a dolphin leaping out of the water alongside a liner in the Mediterranean. The dolphins go about in shoals of five or six, and are



A. SNAPSHOT OF A DOLPHIN.

often visible, jumping out of the water. I was fortunate enough to get this snapshot, the dolphin being only about 15yd. from the ship's side, as may be noted from the wash from the bows of the ship in the foreground.—A. H.

THE INTELLIGENCE OF THE TORTOISE.

THE EDITOR. SIR,—We were much interested the

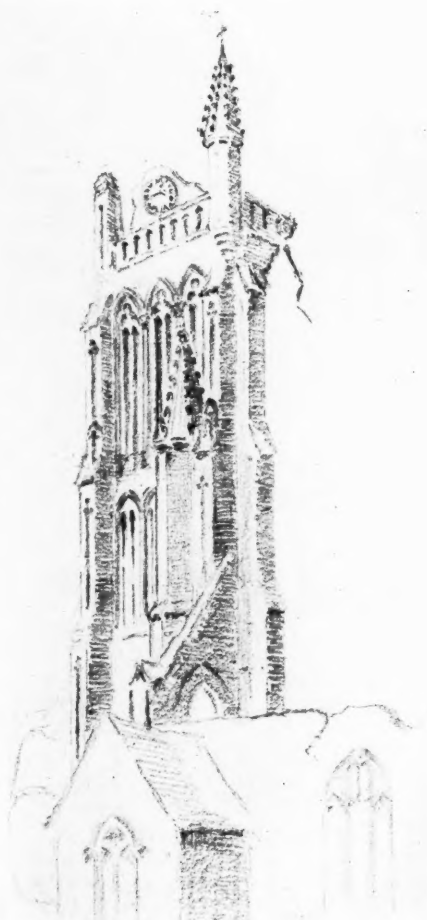
other day with the "cuteness" of the tortoise which lives in our garden. We showed him to a child who was very anxious to see him, and, having to leave her with him for a few minutes, were told on our return that she had teased him, taking him up and dropping him roughly. A few weeks later we showed him to another little girl, who was charmed with him and tried to feed him and pet him. To our surprise, whenever we took the child down the garden to where "Bob" was sunning himself he at once refused her offering of lettuce and crawled away under cover as quickly as he could, digging his claws into the grass when we tried to bring him out. Evidently he had not forgotten the rough treatment he had received from the other child.—G. WELBURN.

ANOTHER BELGIAN SPIRE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your readers may like to compare the enclosed copy of a sketch I

made last March with those of "Subaltern, R.E.," in your issue of August 12th. This church, which may be the same one in a further state of ruin, is "somewhere in Belgium," not many miles from Ypres. All that remains of the spire is the fragment behind the clock, which was only slightly damaged. The north face of the tower has been almost as completely shot away as the east face illustrated here. Luckily there was a very good Early Perpendicular window over the west door still intact, except for the glass, and portions of two turrets and buttresses came down intact.—A READER.



ALL THAT IS LEFT.

WOMEN ON THE LAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It was my good fortune to attend one of a series of demonstrations recently held at the Harper-Adams Agricultural College, near Newport, Shropshire. Here some twenty women at a time are being given short courses of training of two to eight weeks' duration. It is not claimed or suggested that such courses of training can make the pupils into expert agricultural labourers, but they can, and do, accustom them to the work, get them used to the long hours and the use of unaccustomed muscles and, what is, perhaps, more important than all, they eliminate the unfit and unsuitable. But that such training produces highly satisfactory results was shown by the fact that the Harper-Adams demonstration was given by thirteen girls, twelve of whom had been trained at the College, and were at work on farms for farmers who were reluctant to spare them. The thirteenth girl demonstrator represented those at present under training. The demonstrations, which were held in connection with the annual visits of Staffordshire and Shropshire farmers to the College, were arranged by Mr. Foulkes, the Principal of the College, on behalf of the Staffordshire Women's Farm Labour Committee. They included field work with horses, milking by hand and with the milking machine, dairy work and the minor industries of feeding, dressing and trussing poultry, and the grading and packing of eggs. The ploughing was done under



PLOUGHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.



PROFICIENT MILKMAIDS.

difficulties, as the ground was very hard and dry. It was only undertaken under such unsuitable conditions in order to counter the criticism that women cannot plough, which would certainly have been made if they had not actually done it. Under these circumstances it was extraordinarily successful, and the skilful handling of the plough and the horses was the subject of much surprised comment. Filling, carting and spreading manure was another series of operations cheerfully and successfully accomplished, though at the outset a difficulty with the tipping gear provided the spectators with some amusement, and gave the young farmers an opportunity of helping fair maidens in distress, of which they were not slow to avail themselves. Rolling, horse-hoeing and harrowing also enabled the cheery young demonstrators opportunities of showing the facility they had acquired in handling horses and, subsequently, of taking them to the stable and unharnessing them. After the work on the land, a move was made to the farm building, where several of the workers showed their proficiency in milking by hand, others were engaged in butter making, and still others in dealing with the various phases of poultry keeping. But the main interest centred round the milking machine, which was entirely handled from starting the engine to washing the apparatus by the girl farm hands. Indeed, one of the girls, a sun-burnt picture of health, and happiness, told the writer that she and another girl were now working the machine daily in a dairy of 100 cows on a Staffordshire farm.—AGRICULTURIST.

MIXED SMALL STOCK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a tame rabbit taking pot luck with the chickens. Their tastes in dry food appear to agree very well. When it is a question of greenstuff the chickens take pot luck with the rabbit.—G. E. C.

TO PREVENT MOTHS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This year I have been very much pestered by moths in clothes, rugs, skins, and even carpets and beds. Though camphor balls and pepper have been freely used, yet in a few days on turning over again live moths have been found. Can you tell me the best cure? Even sulphur has been burnt and the room closed for days. Why this year this pest of destructiveness?—C. S.

[We have found nothing answer so well as albo-carbon hung in wardrobes and the balls laid in drawers. Camphor appears to be no good, and lavender is said to encourage the moths. Old-fashioned housewives used to wrap furs, etc., in linen cloths, which the pests do not like. They also hate tobacco, and an old pipe or two laid among the furs is said to be efficacious where the smell of albo-carbon is disliked.—Ed.]

MAN-EATING SHARKS IN THE ATLANTIC.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the *Times* of July 26th, page 5, "Imperial and Foreign News Items," comes the following: "An invasion by man-eating sharks of the waters of the popular seaside resorts on the North Atlantic coast of the



A RESCUE.

United States has caused a panic among the thousands of summer visitors. Several persons have fallen victims to the sharks." In view of the above recent announcement would the enclosed photograph be of interest in your pages? It is from a mezzotint of Valentine Green's after a painting of John Singleton Copley, R.A. It is called "A Youth Rescued from a Shark," and beneath it are these words: "This Representation is founded on the following Fact. A Youth bathing in the Harbour of the Havannah was twice seized by a Shark from which (though with the loss of the Flesh and Foot, torn from the Right Leg) He disentangled himself and was, by the assistance of a Boat's crew, sav'd from the jaws of the voracious animal: for in the moment it was attempting to seize its prey (a third time) a sailor with a Boat Hook drove it from its pursuit." A translation in French is on the right hand of picture.—A. H.

A MENACE TO THE BEECH TREE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can you give me a remedy for the ravages of the beech coccus? A fine young copper beech about five and twenty years old is being destroyed by it. Last year the leaves were dwarfed and curled and now they are far worse, small and brittle and nearly black. I believe a remedy was suggested in the *Royal Horticultural Journal* some time ago.—C. M. BALDWIN.

[A deputation appointed, we believe, by the *Royal Horticultural Society*, examined the trees in Burnham Beeches about eight years ago to ascertain the extent of the ravages of the felted beech coccus (*Cryptococcus fagi*), and this pest was the subject of a leaflet issued by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, to which we direct our correspondent's attention; it may be obtained free on application from the Secretary of the Board, 4, Whitehall Place, S.W. This insect confines its attacks exclusively to the beech, and it is one of the



TAKING POT LUCK WITH THE CHICKENS.

most destructive pests against which the agriculturist has to contend. The pest, unfortunately all too common, smothers the bark with a white felt-like substance. One way of destroying it is by laying sacks or canvas on the ground round the trunk of the tree, so as to catch anything that may fall from it; then wet the parts that are attacked with soap and water and scrape off as much as possible of the felt-like material, afterwards scrubbing the tree with a stiff brush dipped in strong paraffin emulsion. This insecticide may be syringed on, but it is important to first of all scrape off the felt matter. The paraffin emulsion should be prepared as follows: Mix equal portions of soft soap (dissolved in boiling water) and paraffin, churn them up with a force pump or syringe for at least ten minutes. When required for use add twenty times its bulk of water and churn again. This mixture may be applied any time between September and the first week in April, but scrubbing with soft soap may be done now and again later. In addition to the ravages of the beech coccus it must not be overlooked that drought is the cause of the terrible strain—but this applies particularly to veteran trees. Heavy waterings, in addition to the refreshing showers we are having, will prove beneficial if the tree is growing in a light soil. A good dressing of manure over the roots will also be of great assistance to the tree.—Ed.]

PEARL FISHING ON SCOTTISH LOCHS AND RIVERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Every year as summer comes round pearl fishers may be seen plying their craft on certain Scottish rivers and lochs. A short description of the method adopted for procuring the pearls, their value, etc., may be of interest. The pearl fisher is usually of the tinker persuasion and his stock-in-trade of the simplest. A long, box-like contrivance with glass bottom for looking through the water to locate the oyster-shells in which the pearls are found, and a long stick, cleft at one end for gripping the shells to bring them to the surface, are all that is necessary. Sometimes, however, when fishing in deeper waters a coble boat is used, but most of the fishers content themselves with wading in the shallower parts. A dry season is especially conducive to a good harvest; a case in point being the long, dry summer of 1913, when a record number of pearls were found in the Teith and Loch Vennachar. A favourite way of disposal is by selling to visitors, but when this fails the jewellers are always willing to buy for retailing. The value of a pearl varies according to size, shape and lustre, and whereas a very large one may be of little value, a much smaller one may fetch a good price. A few years ago one was found in the river Teith which was sold to a jeweller for £25. It may be safely assumed that the jeweller would retail it at double this price at least, thus proving that the industry is quite a remunerative one. The pearl fisher's camp, which is of the most primitive pattern, is usually pitched near the scene of his activities. The life, if not the most enviable, is at least fairly healthy.—HAMISH MUIR, Callander.



THE PEARL FISHER'S CAMP.